



ROCKET TO NEW WORLDS WITH "TOMMY TOMORROW"



JUNE

No.133

Ten Cents

ACTION COMICS

A 52 PAGE MAGAZINE

CAN YOU BLAME
LOIS LANE FOR
BEING JEALOUS
WHEN THE
MAN of STEEL
TEAMS UP WITH
"The WORLD'S
MOST
PERFECT
GIRL"
?



SUPERMAN

WORLD'S
MOST
PERFECT
MAN

HELEN

WORLD'S
MOST
PERFECT
WOMAN

SUPERMAN

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

SUPERMAN! THE MAN OF TOMORROW—INVINCIBLE, COURAGEOUS, STRONGER THAN ANY OTHER MAN ON EARTH! SURELY NO ONE CAN DENY THAT SUPERMAN IS INDEED

"THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECT MAN!"

BUT SUDDENLY OUT OF TIME COMES A FITTING COMPANION TO SUPERMAN'S PERFECTION—A SUPREMELY BEAUTIFUL CREATURE, A WOMAN SO SUPERIOR THAT THE PUBLIC INSTANTLY ACCLAIMS HER AN IDEAL MATCH FOR THE MAN OF STEEL!

BUT WHAT ABOUT SUPERMAN? YOU'LL BE AMAZED HOW HE REACTS WHEN HE SUDDENLY MEETS...

"THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECT GIRL!"



ACTION COMICS, No. 133. June, 1949. Published monthly by National Comics Publications, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Whitney Ellsworth, Editor. Entered as second class matter April 4, 1938 at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U. S. \$1.50 including postage. Foreign, \$3.00 in American funds. For advertising rates address Richard A. Feldon & Co., 205 E. 42nd

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Printed in U.S.A.

IN THE OFFICE OF THE DAILY PLANET, CITY EDITOR PERRY WHITE POSES A KNOTTY PROBLEM.

NOW THAT METROPOLIS IS GOING TO HAVE A CENTENNIAL FAIR, WE'VE GOT TO SEE THAT IT GETS PLENTY OF PUBLICITY! LOIS, DO YOU THINK SUPERMAN CAN HELP?

OF COURSE! HE'LL BE GLAD TO!



THAT NIGHT, THE SKIES OVER METROPOLIS BLAZE WITH PHOSPHORESCENT LIGHT...

WELCOME CENTENNIAL FAIR

OOOOH! LOOK!

FIRST TIME I EVER SAW SKY-WRITING AT NIGHT!



BUT IT IS NOT AN AIRPLANE THAT BLAZENS THE UNUSUAL ANNOUNCEMENT! IT IS — SUPERMAN!

I'M WRITING THESE LETTERS HIGH ENOUGH SO THEY CAN BE SEEN FOR MILES AROUND! AFTER ALL, METROPOLIS IS MY FAVORITE CITY—AND I WANT ITS CENTENNIAL FAIR TO BE A SUCCESS.

Yes, SUPERMAN IS VERY PROUD OF METROPOLIS, AND LATER, AT THE FAIR GROUNDS

METROPOLIS CELEBRATES CENTENNIAL



...THE MAN OF TOMORROW SOON LEARNS THAT METROPOLIS IS MIGHTY PROUD OF HIM!

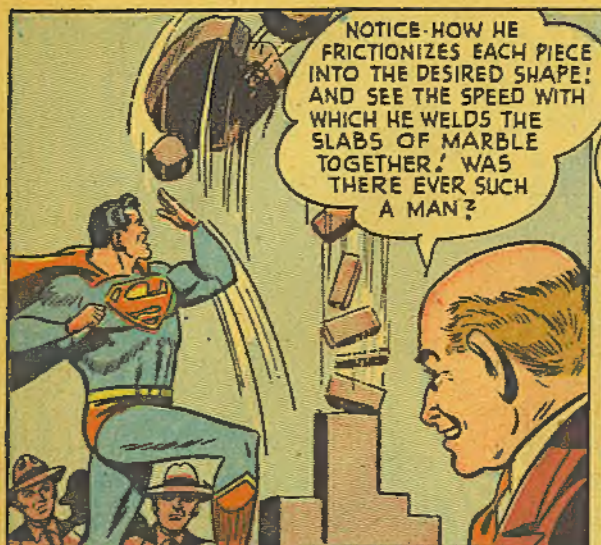
TONIGHT, WE ARE HONORED TO HAVE WITH US METROPOLIS' FAMOUS SON — SUPERMAN! AND HE HAS CONSENTED TO GIVE A DEMONSTRATION OF HIS SUPER-POWERS! TAKE IT AWAY, SUPERMAN!



SOON...

BEHOLD THE GREAT STRENGTH OF SUPERMAN! SEE HOW HE SMASHES THAT SOLID SLAB OF MARBLE AS IF IT WERE MADE OF EGGSHELLS!





WITHIN SECONDS, SUPERMAN COMPLETES A MONUMENTAL EVERLASTING TRIBUTE TO METROPOLIS!

IT'S A LARGE-SCALE MODEL OF METROPOLIS' SKYLINE! I HOPE YOU LIKE IT!

IT'S MAGNIFICENT! METROPOLIS IS INDEED INDEBTED TO ITS FAMOUS SON! HOW CAN WE SHOW SUPERMAN OUR GRATITUDE?

SUDDENLY, FROM THE AUDIENCE, A WOMAN'S VOICE IS HEARD...

I KNOW HOW WE CAN SHOW OUR GRATITUDE! SINCE SUPERMAN IS THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECT MAN, WHY DON'T WE FIND THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECT GIRL FOR HIM?

WHY, YOU'RE PROFESSOR LURIE, THE FAMOUS WOMAN SCIENTIST!

AND I THINK PROFESSOR LURIE'S IDEA IS WONDERFUL! WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT IT, SUPERMAN?

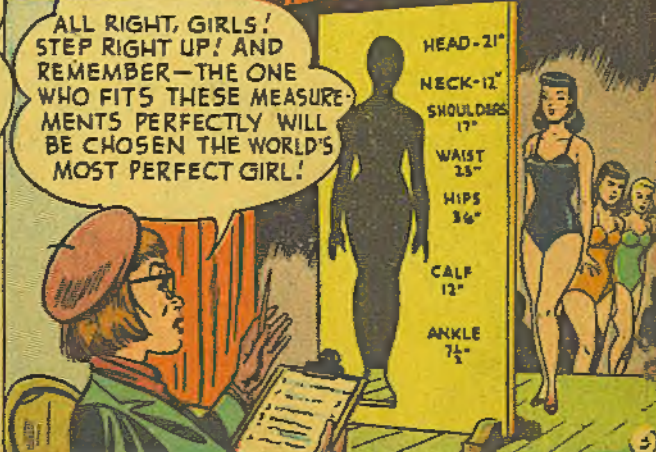
THANKS JUST THE SAME, BUT I DON'T THINK I'D BE INTERESTED!

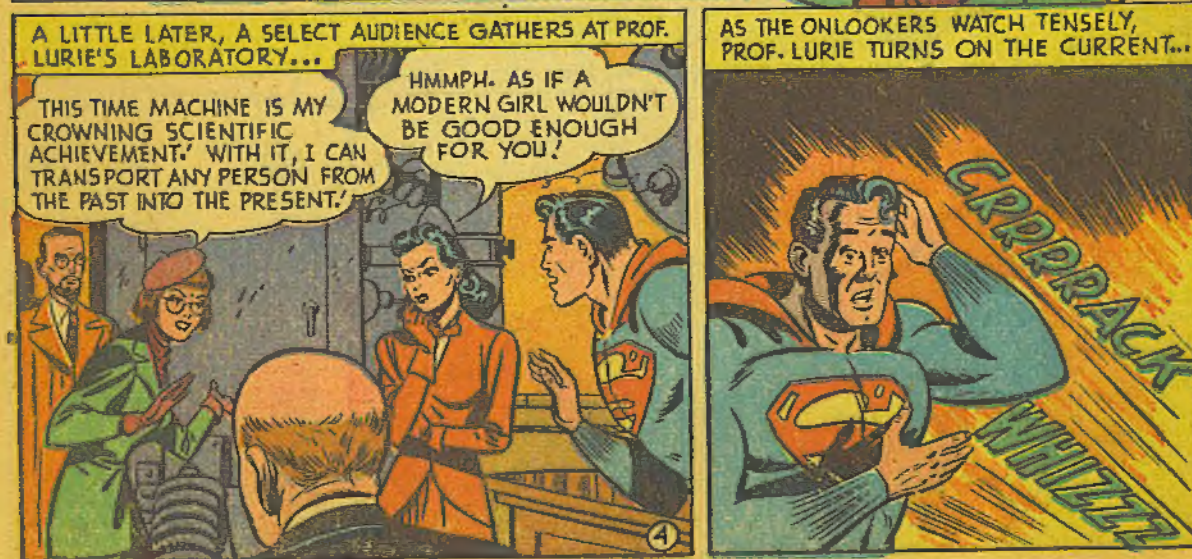
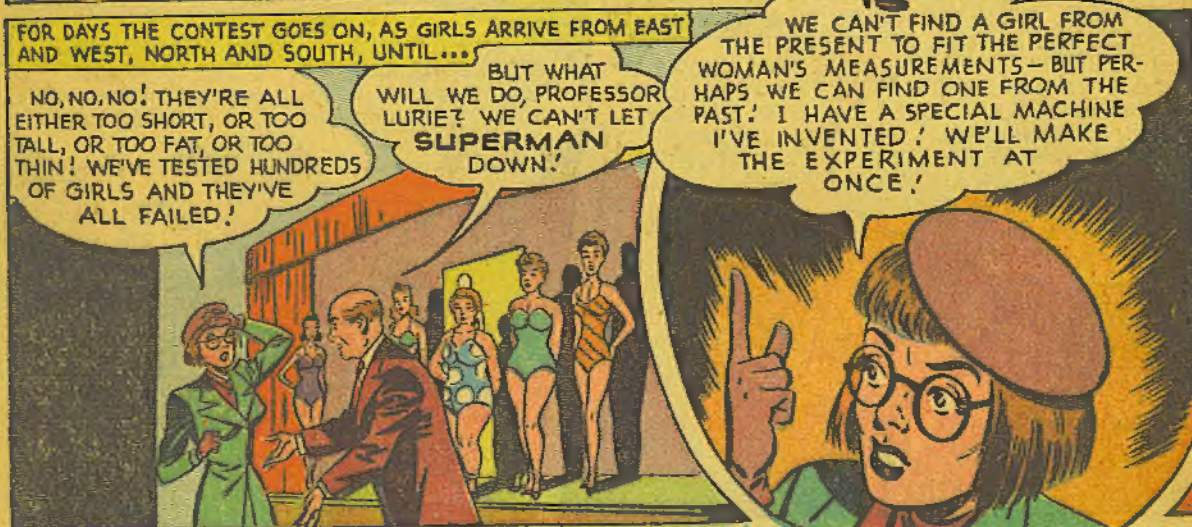
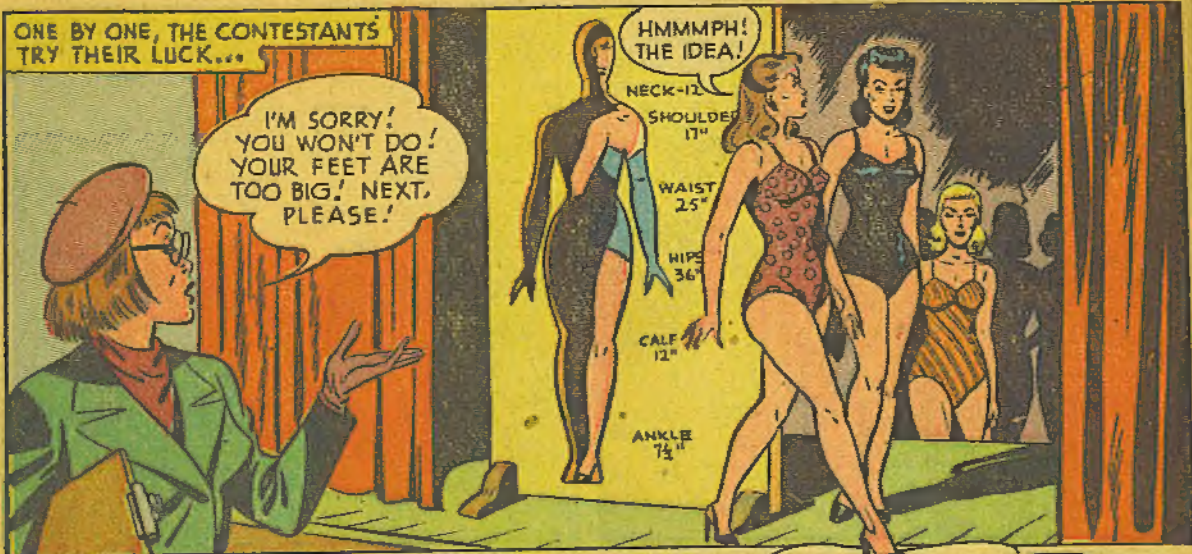


AND SO THE NEXT DAY, THE STRANGE CONTEST GETS UNDER WAY—THE CONTEST TO FIND THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECT GIRL!

ALL RIGHT, GIRLS! STEP RIGHT UP! AND REMEMBER—THE ONE WHO FITS THESE MEASUREMENTS PERFECTLY WILL BE CHOSEN THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECT GIRL!

HEAD-21"
NECK-12"
SHOULDERS 17"
WAIST 23"
HIPS 36"
CALF 12"
ANKLE 7½"





THE ELECTRICITY SUDDENLY DIES DOWN... THE CABINET OPENS, AND...

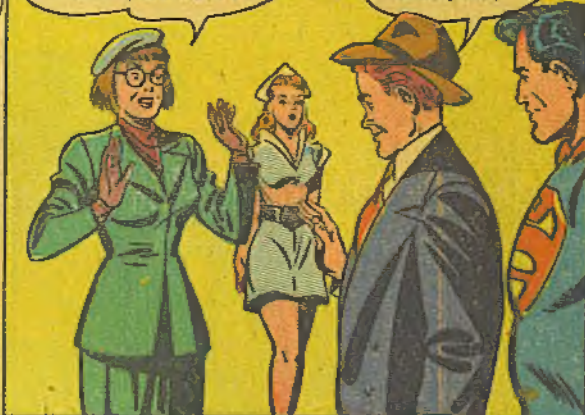
BY ZEUS!
WHERE AM I?

GREAT SCOTT!
THAT LOOKS LIKE...
LIKE... HELEN
OF TROY!



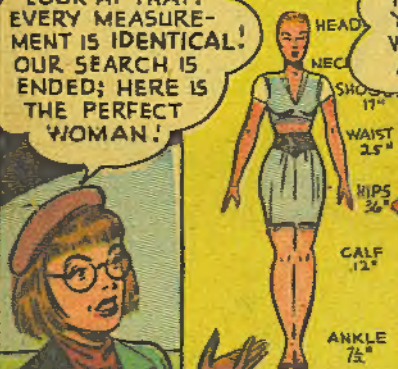
SHE IS HELEN OF TROY,
SUPERMAN! I DID IT!
I BROUGHT HER BACK
3,000 YEARS INTO
THE PRESENT!

SHE'S BEAUTIFUL,
ALL RIGHT! BUT
HOW DO YOU KNOW
SHE'S THE PERFECT
WOMAN?

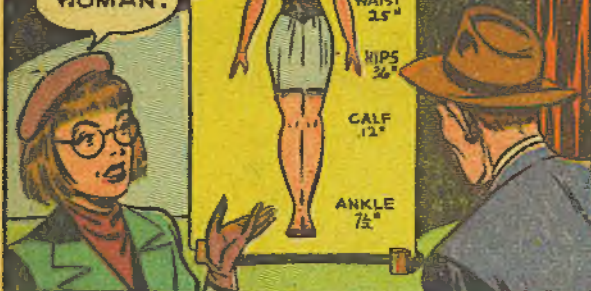


PROF. LURIE LEADS THE WAY TO
THE MODEL CUT-OUT AND...

LOOK AT THAT!
EVERY MEASURE-
MENT IS IDENTICAL!
OUR SEARCH IS
ENDED; HERE IS
THE PERFECT
WOMAN!



HELEN OF
TROY-IN THE
YEAR 1949!
WOW! WHAT
A STORY!



MERCIFUL VENUS!
WHAT IS HAPPENING
TO ME? I-I DO NOT
UNDERSTAND!

I'LL TRY TO EXPLAIN,
HELEN! THIS IS THE YEAR
1949! AND WE HAVE
BROUGHT YOU HERE,
THROUGH SCIENTIFIC MEANS,
FOR A PURPOSE-A
VERY SPECIAL PURPOSE!



HISTORY HAS
ACCLAIMED YOU AS THE
WORLD'S MOST PERFECT
WOMAN! NOW WE
WANT YOU TO MEET
THE WORLD'S MOST
PERFECT MAN!

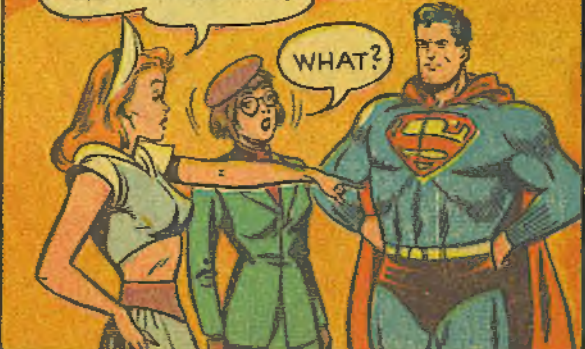
STOP STARING AT
HER THAT WAY,
SUPERMAN!
YOU'D THINK YOU
NEVER SAW A
WOMAN BEFORE!

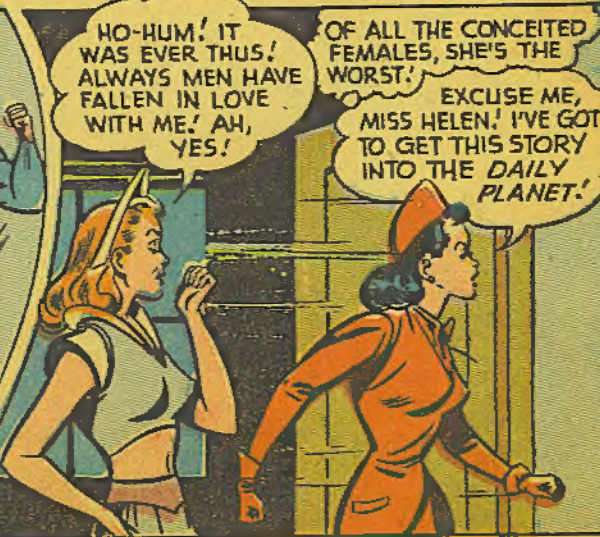
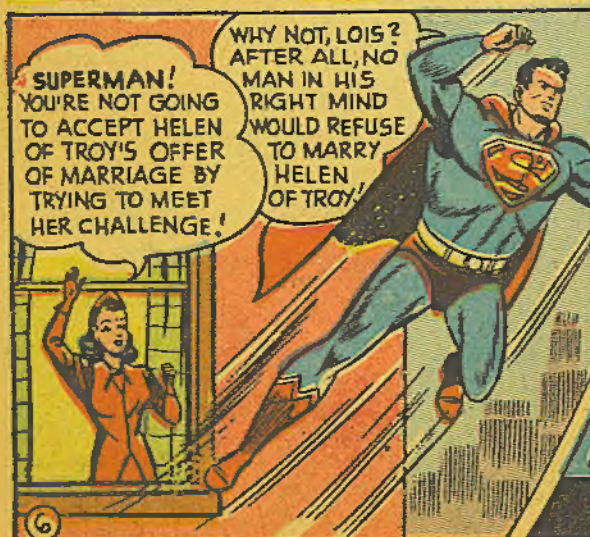
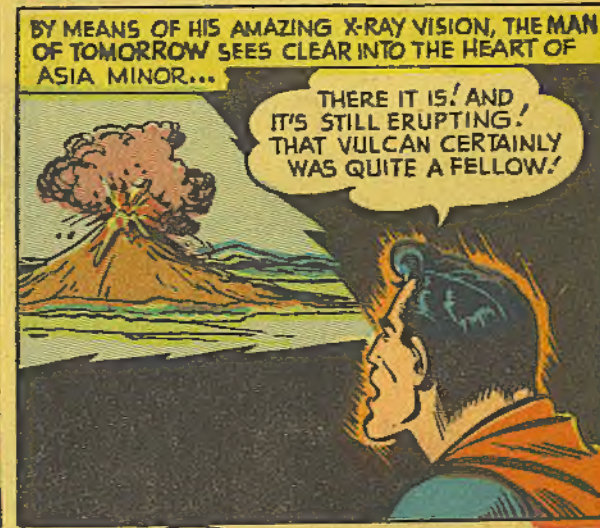


THROUGH EYES OF LUSTROUS BEAUTY, HELEN
OF TROY SLOWLY REGARDS SUPERMAN; THEN...

THIS-THIS YOU CALL THE
WORLD'S MOST PERFECT
MAN? BUT THAT IS LAUGHABLE!
TRULY, I FIND HIM QUITE,
QUITE ORDINARY!

WHAT?





LATER, IN A MOUNTAINOUS REGION OF ASIA MINOR, SUPERMAN SURVEYS THE TERRAIN...



HELEN WAS RIGHT! THIS VOLCANO IS STILL ERUPTING—AND DANGEROUS! THIS COUNTRY WOULD BE MUCH BETTER OFF WITHOUT IT!

WITH THE AID OF HIS X-RAY VISION, SUPERMAN LOCATES A NEARBY BODY OF WATER...



THE WATER IN THAT LAKE UP THERE CAN PROVIDE THE IRRIGATION I'LL NEED!

DEEP INTO THE MOLTEN HOT LAVA DIVES THE MAN OF STEEL...



A FEW DEGREES HOTTER AND I'D BE ABLE TO SAY I DID THIS JOB BY THE SWEAT OF MY BROW!

WORKING AT A PERFECT TANGENT FROM VOLCANO BED TO LAKE, THE MAN OF TOMORROW TUNNELS HIS WAY UPWARD...



I'VE MADE A PASSAGEWAY FOR THE WATER! NOW FOR THE PAY-OFF!

WITH A DEAFENING ROAR, THE WATER SURGES INTO THE CORE OF THE MOUNTAIN OF FIRE, EXTINGUISHING IT!



I'VE FINISHED MY TASK HERE! NOW PEOPLE WILL ONCE AGAIN BE ABLE TO INHABIT THIS LAND AND CULTIVATE IT! BUT I'D BETTER GET BACK TO METROPOLIS—AND HELEN!





MEANWHILE, AT THE DAILY PLANET...

NO, NO, LOIS! YOU CAN'T WRITE THAT HELEN OF TROY IS AN OLD HAG! WHY, SHE'S THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN HISTORY!

WELL, SHE'S NO SPRING CHICKEN! AFTER ALL, SHE IS 3,000 YEARS OLD!

BUT, THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY, MILLIONS OF WOMEN GO WILD OVER HELEN OF TROY FASHION CREATIONS...

I'VE SIMPLY GOT TO GET ONE OF THESE HELEN OF TROY HATS! MAYBE IT WILL MAKE ME LOOK LIKE HER!

ISN'T SHE TERRIFIC? LOOK AT THESE EARRINGS SHE'S ENDORSED AS EXACT DUPLICATES OF HERS!

WOMEN, FAT AND THIN, OLD AND YOUNG, EVEN TEEN-AGERS, CAN'T RESIST THE LURE OF HELEN'S BEAUTY!

JEEPERES, NANCY! WHAT ARE YOU DRESSED UP FOR—A MASQUERADE?

DON'T BE SIL, BOBBY! THIS IS MY NEW HELEN OF TROY OUT-FIT! ISN'T IT TOO, TOO DIVINE? I MEAN, I'M REALLY SWOONY OVER IT!

AND WHEN SUPERMAN RETURNS, HELEN OF TROY IS ALREADY THE TOAST OF THE TOWN.

WOULDN'T YOU SPONSOR OUR NEW HELEN OF TROY PERFUME?

PLEASE SIGN UP WITH MONUMENTAL PICTURES!

WE'LL PAY YOU \$50,000 FOR THE STORY OF YOUR LIFE!

?

WELL, SUPERMAN! YOU'RE BACK SO SOON? AND WHAT DID YOU ACCOMPLISH?

I FOUND THE VOLCANO YOU MENTIONED, HELEN! AND SINCE IT WAS CAUSING NOTHING BUT CHAOS AND DESTRUCTION, I EXTINGUISHED IT!

THEN I MUST ADMIT THAT YOU HAVE OUTDONE VULCAN!

POOR SUPERMAN! LITTLE DOES HE REALIZE THAT HE IS WASTING HIS TIME! I'LL NEVER MARRY HIM!

SUPERMAN! SURELY YOU'RE NOT GOING TO CONTINUE THIS SILLY CONTEST! YOU'RE NOT IN LOVE WITH HER!



BUT YOU MUST STILL PROVE THAT YOU ARE SWIFTER THAN MERCURY! I REMEMBER DEAR PARIS SAYING JUST BEFORE THE TROJAN WAR—"HELEN, MY LOVE, THERE IS NO MAN ON EARTH SO SWIFT AS MERCURY!"

I'D LIKE TO HAVE A TRY AT IT, ANYWAY!



HMM... PERHAPS I CAN FIND SOME WAY OF COMPETING WITH MERCURY!... THAT WIRE-RECORDER GIVES ME AN IDEA...

OH! SO YOU'RE STILL TRYING TO PLEASE HER! THAT MEANS YOU'RE IN LOVE WITH HER! WELL, I'M THROUGH WITH YOU, SUPERMAN! (SOB)

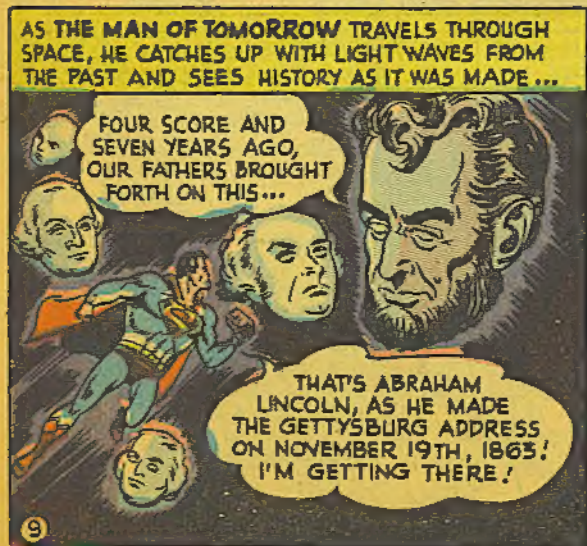


I'D LIKE TO BORROW THAT WIRE RECORDER FOR A FEW MINUTES, IF I MAY!

WE WERE GOING TO USE IT TO MAKE A TRANSCRIPT OF HELEN'S VOICE FOR A RADIO BROADCAST. SUPERMAN! BUT SINCE YOU ONLY WANT IT FOR A FEW MINUTES, HELP YOURSELF!

UP, UP, UP INTO THE SKY STREAKS SUPERMAN AT EYE-DEFYING SPEED...

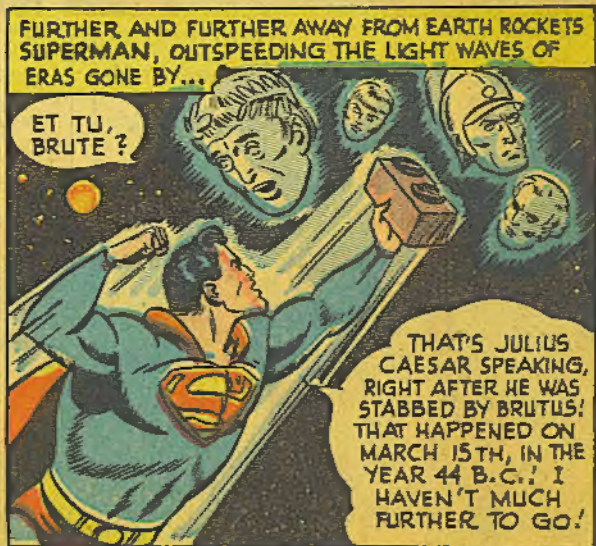
LIGHT WAVES TRAVEL AT 186,000 MILES PER SECOND! AND PARIS SPOKE TO HELEN JUST BEFORE THE TROJAN WAR, WHICH BEGAN IN ABOUT 1183 B.C.! IT'S A SIMPLE PROBLEM IN ARITHMETIC! I'LL HAVE IT SOLVED BY THE TIME I GET WHERE I'M GOING!



AS THE MAN OF TOMORROW TRAVELS THROUGH SPACE, HE CATCHES UP WITH LIGHT WAVES FROM THE PAST AND SEES HISTORY AS IT WAS MADE...

FOUR SCORE AND SEVEN YEARS AGO, OUR FATHERS BROUGHT FORTH ON THIS...

THAT'S ABRAHAM LINCOLN, AS HE MADE THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS ON NOVEMBER 19TH, 1863! I'M GETTING THERE!



ET TU, BRUTE?

THAT'S JULIUS CAESAR SPEAKING, RIGHT AFTER HE WAS STABBED BY BRUTUS! THAT HAPPENED ON MARCH 15TH, IN THE YEAR 44 B.C.! I HAVEN'T MUCH FURTHER TO GO!



HURTLING
THROUGH
SPACE
AND
TIME,
SUPERMAN
FINALLY
REACHES
A REMOTE
POINT IN
OUTER
SPACE
....

... HELEN, MY LOVE, THERE IS
NO MAN ON EARTH SO
SWIFT AS MERCURY!

THAT'S THE
SPEECH I'VE COME
SO FAR FOR! NOW
TO RECORD IT AND
GET BACK TO
EARTH!

TRAVELING FASTER THAN ANY MORTAL HAS
EVER TRAVELED, SUPERMAN RETURNS TO
EARTH, AND...

SUPERMAN! SURELY
YOU HAVE NOT AL-
READY ACCOMPLISHED
YOUR SECOND
FEAT?

SIT DOWN, HELEN, AND
JUDGE FOR YOURSELF!
THERE'S SOMETHING
I WANT YOU TO
HEAR!

A SNAP OF THE SWITCH, AND A MELODIOUS VOICE
FILLS THE ROOM...

...THERE IS
NO MAN ON
EARTH SO
SWIFT AS
MERCURY!

UNLESS
I'M MISTAKEN,
THAT'S THE
ORIGINAL SPEECH
PARIS MADE TO
YOU IN 1183 B.C.,
HELEN!

BY ZEUS! YOU'VE
DONE IT! YOU'VE
PROVEN THAT THERE
IS A MAN ON EARTH
SWIFTER THAN
MERCURY! I CON-
GRATULATE YOU,
SUPERMAN!

YOU ARE INDEED A SUPERMAN, MY FRIEND!
BUT ONLY HERCULES HIMSELF, THE STRONG-
EST BEING IN THE WORLD OF MY DAY,
COULD HELP ME NOW! I—I'M HOMESICK
FOR ILIUM—TROY, YOU CALL IT! WITH
ALL YOUR STRENGTH, YOU CANNOT
CURE MY HOMESICKNESS!

WAIT HERE, HELEN!
MAYBE I CAN DO
SOMETHING TO
HELP.

THEN GOOD LUCK, AND
MAY THE GODS SPEED
YOU!

BUT NO MATTER WHAT YOU
DO, I'LL NEVER MARRY YOU,
YOU POOR DELUDED MALE!

LEAVING METROPOLIS AND AMERICA BEHIND, THE MAN OF TOMORROW SPEEDS TOWARD ASIA MINOR...

THE REMAINS OF ANCIENT TROY HAVE RECENTLY BEEN EXCAVATED IN THE VILLAGE OF HISSARLIK, NEAR TURKEY! THAT'S MY DESTINATION!

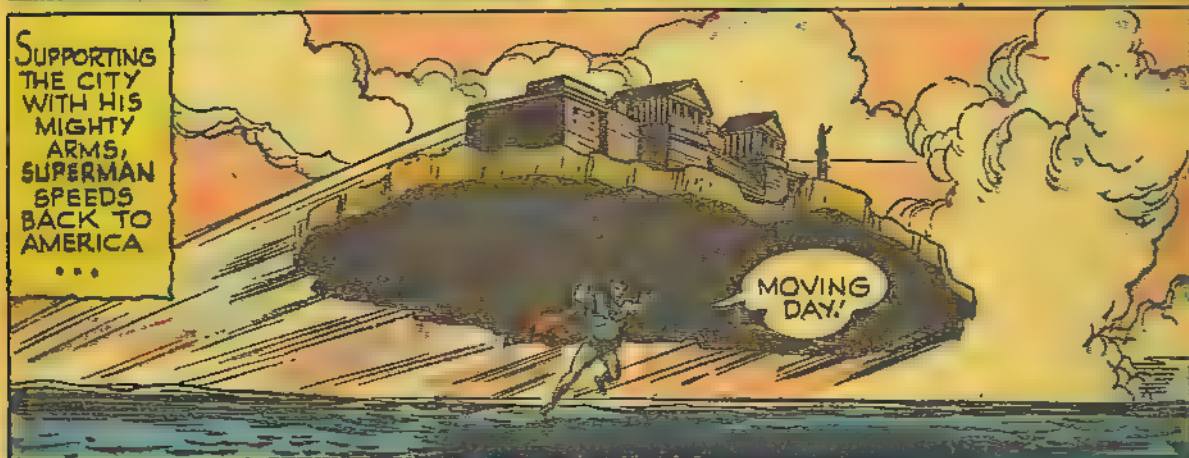


ARRIVING AT HISSARLIK, SUPERMAN CUTS A WIDE SWATHE AROUND THE ANCIENT, DESERTED VILLAGE.

THIS IS ONE TIME I CAN BE EXCUSED FOR CUTTING UP!

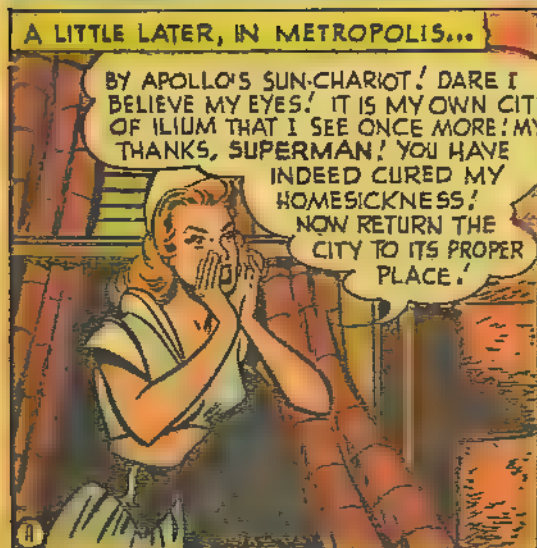


SUPPORTING THE CITY WITH HIS MIGHTY ARMS, SUPERMAN SPEEDS BACK TO AMERICA...



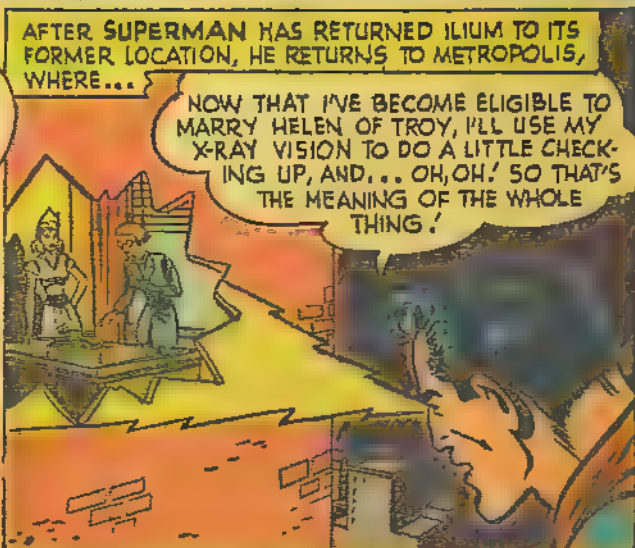
A LITTLE LATER, IN METROPOLIS...

BY APOLLO'S SUN-CHARIOT! DARE I BELIEVE MY EYES! IT IS MY OWN CITY OF ILIUM THAT I SEE ONCE MORE! MY THANKS, SUPERMAN! YOU HAVE INDEED CURED MY HOMESICKNESS! NOW RETURN THE CITY TO ITS PROPER PLACE!



AFTER SUPERMAN HAS RETURNED ILIUM TO ITS FORMER LOCATION, HE RETURNS TO METROPOLIS, WHERE...

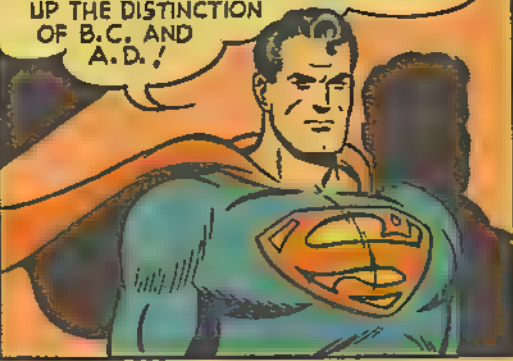
NOW THAT I'VE BECOME ELIGIBLE TO MARRY HELEN OF TROY, I'LL USE MY X-RAY VISION TO DO A LITTLE CHECKING UP, AND... OH, OH! SO THAT'S THE MEANING OF THE WHOLE THING!



YOU-YOU'RE WONDERFUL, SUPERMAN! I SENT YOU ON IMPOSSIBLE ERRANDS-AND YOU DID THEM! NOW I HAVE A CONFESSION TO MAKE...

DON'T BOTHER! I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO SAY! BUT I KNEW IT ALL THE TIME! YOU'RE A FAKE! YOU'RE NOT HELEN OF TROY! YOU'RE REALLY EMMA BLOTZ, FROM GOPHER JUNCTION!

WHEN YOU FIRST STEPPED OUT OF THE "TIME" CABINET, YOU SAID YOU HAD COME FROM THE YEAR 1183 B.C.! YOU COULD NOT POSSIBLY HAVE KNOWN THAT UNLESS YOU ALSO HAD KNOWN ABOUT MODERN CALENDARS, WHICH WERE THE FIRST ONES TO SET UP THE DISTINCTION OF B.C. AND A.D.!

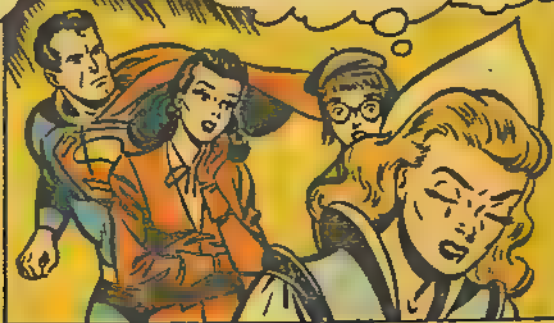
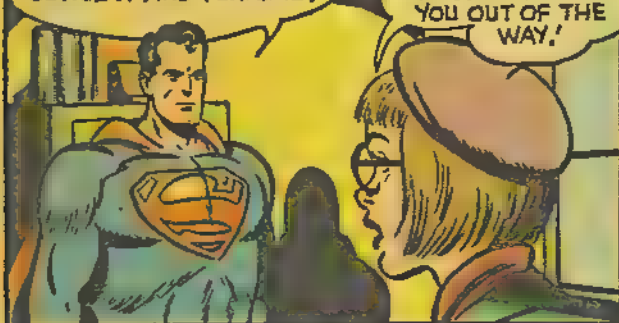


YOU'RE A FAKE, TOO! THE REAL PROF. LURIE IS AWAY ON A SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION! YOU TOOK ADVANTAGE OF HER ABSENCE TO ARRANGE THIS HOAX! YOU HOPED TO MAKE A FORTUNE GETTING THE PUBLIC TO BUY HELEN OF TROY FASHIONS, JEWELRY AND PERFUME!

Y-YES! I PLANNED SO CAREFULLY-I EVEN DID RESEARCH, FOUND THAT SPEECH OF PARIS' TO MAKE IT AUTHENTIC! WE SENT YOU ON THOSE MISSIONS TO GET YOU OUT OF THE WAY!

POOR HELEN OF TROY! SHE CERTAINLY LOOKS MISERABLE NOW THAT HER SWINDLE FAILED!

WHAT A MAN, THAT SUPERMAN! EVEN IF HE HAD OFFERED TO MARRY ME, I WOULD HAVE HAD TO TURN HIM DOWN FOR FEAR HE MIGHT DISCOVER I WAS A FRAUD!



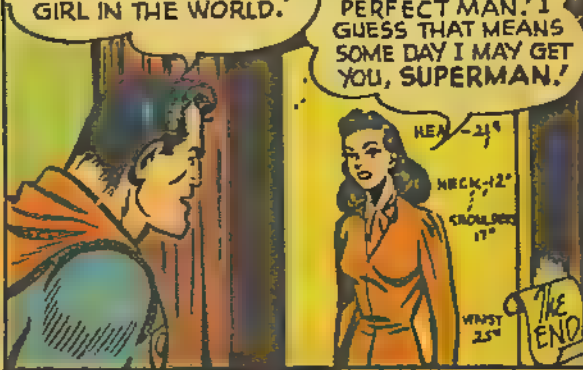
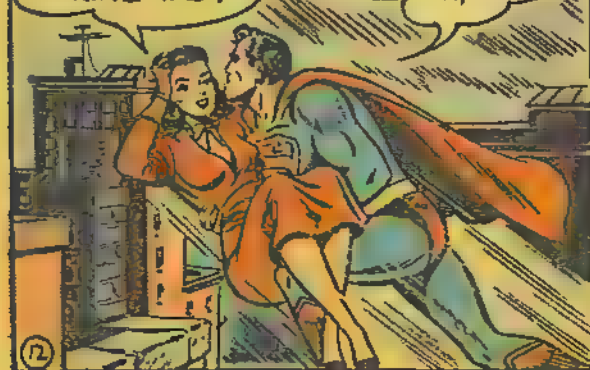
SO YOU PLAYED ALONG WITH HELEN JUST TO FIND OUT WHAT THEY WERE UP TO, AND ... SUPERMAN! WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?

YOU'LL SEE! THERE'S A CERTAIN LITTLE MATTER I WANT TO CHECK ON, LOIS!

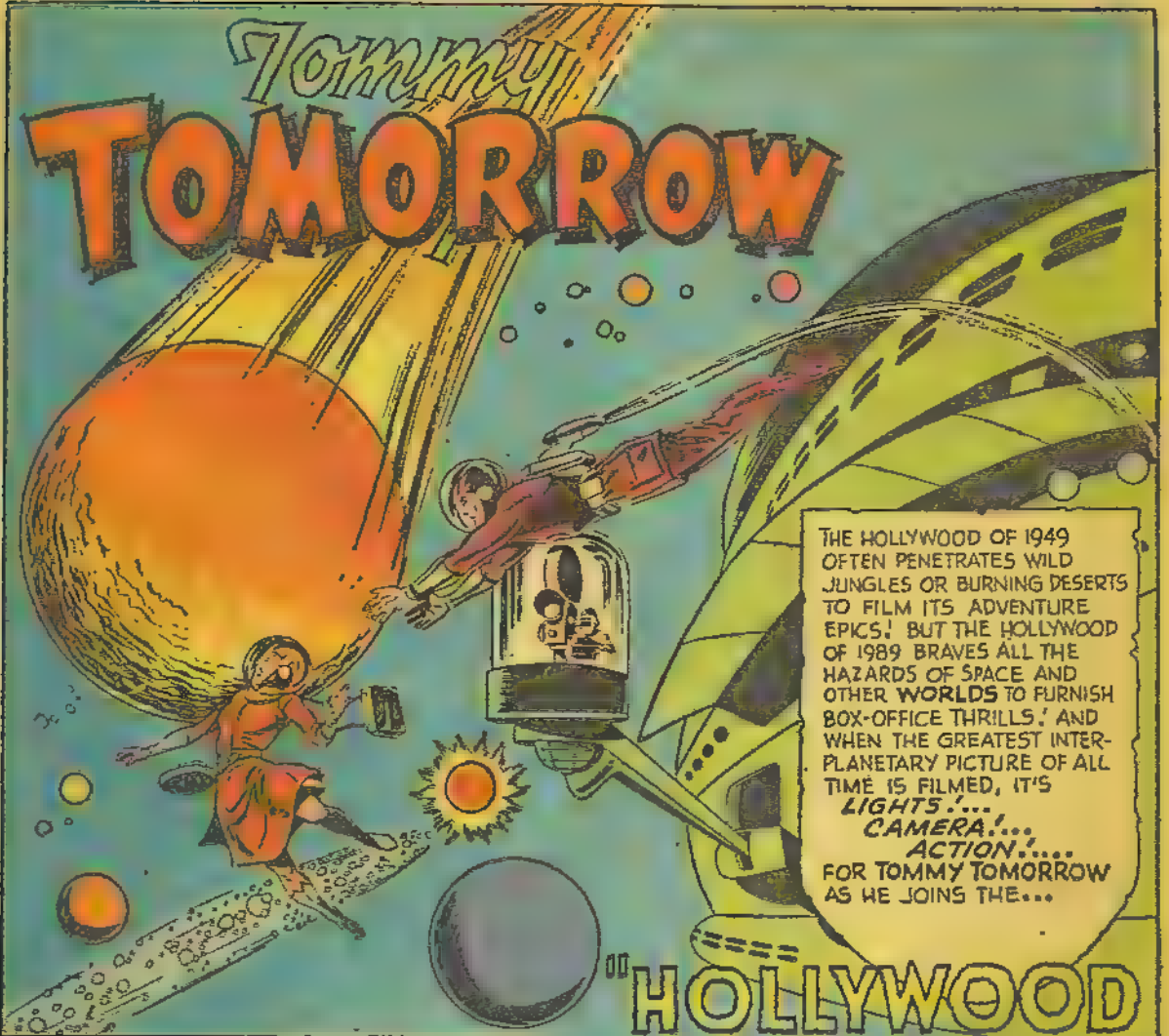
AND AT THE METROPOLIS CENTENNIAL FAIR GROUNDS...

I THOUGHT SO, LOIS! YOU EXACTLY FIT THE SPECIFICATIONS OF THE MOST PERFECT GIRL IN THE WORLD.

WHY, SO I DO! MY GOODNESS! AND YOU'RE THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECT MAN! I GUESS THAT MEANS SOME DAY I MAY GET YOU, SUPERMAN!



Tommy TOMORROW

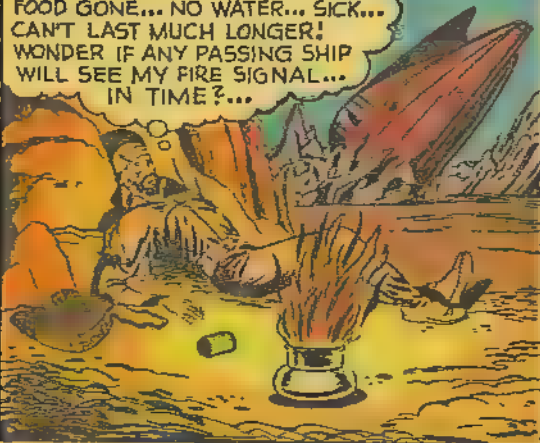


THE HOLLYWOOD OF 1949 OFTEN PENETRATES WILD JUNGLES OR BURNING DESERTS TO FILM ITS ADVENTURE EPICS! BUT THE HOLLYWOOD OF 1989 BRAVES ALL THE HAZARDS OF SPACE AND OTHER WORLDS TO FURNISH BOX-OFFICE THRILLS! AND WHEN THE GREATEST INTER-PLANETARY PICTURE OF ALL TIME IS FILMED, IT'S
**LIGHTS!...
CAMERA!...
ACTION!...**
FOR TOMMY TOMORROW AS WE JOIN THE...

"HOLLYWOOD OF SPACE!"

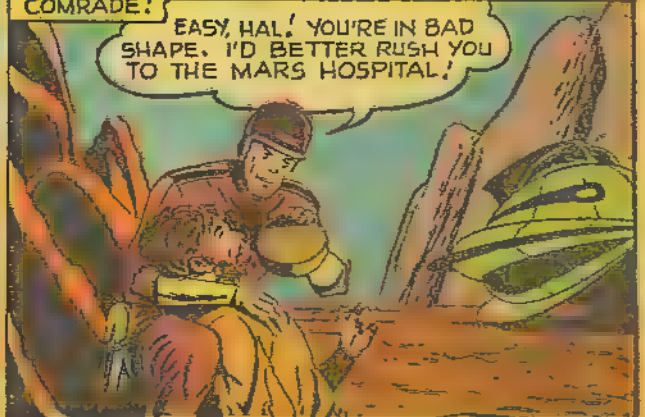
IN THE YEAR 1989, THE DARING PLANETEERS EXPLORE MANY NEW WORLDS, GATHERING GLORY AND FAME—BUT SOMETIMES MEETING GRIM DISASTER!

43 DAYS...
FOOD GONE... NO WATER... SICK...
CAN'T LAST MUCH LONGER!
WONDER IF ANY PASSING SHIP
WILL SEE MY FIRE SIGNAL...
IN TIME?...

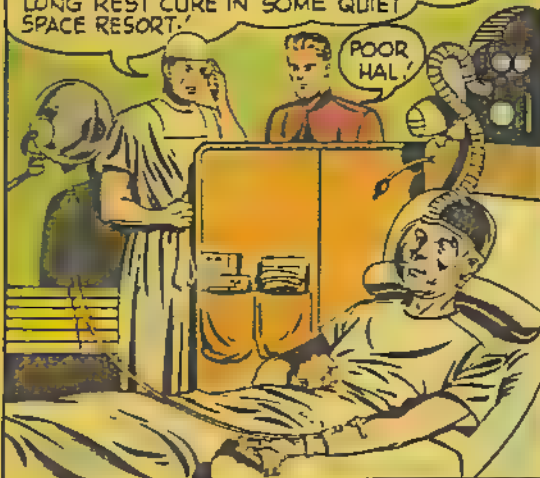


BUT COLONEL TOMMY TOMORROW, AFTER A LONG AND VIGILANT SEARCH, AT LAST FINDS HIS MAROONED COMRADE!

EASY, HAL! YOU'RE IN BAD SHAPE. I'D BETTER RUSH YOU TO THE MARS HOSPITAL!

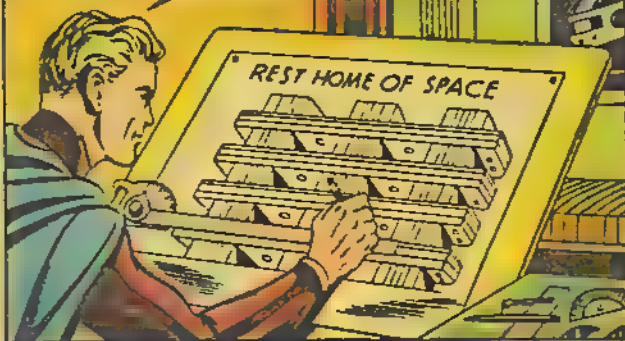


LATER, AT THE HOSPITAL, TOMMY HEARS A GRIM REPORT... HE'LL RECOVER PHYSICALLY, BUT MENTALLY—? HIS MIND COULD BE SAVED ONLY BY A LONG REST CURE IN SOME QUIET SPACE RESORT.



POOR HAL!

LONG THROUGH THE NIGHT, TOMMY WORKS ON SOME PLANS... OTHER PLANETEERS, SHATTERED BY THEIR EXPERIENCES, NEED A PLACE LIKE THIS, TOO, TO RECUPERATE! I'M ON LEAVE AT PRESENT. I'M GOING TO TRY TO SOLICIT FUNDS FOR THIS PROJECT.



AFTER EXPLAINING HIS MISSION, TOMMY IS GIVEN A STARTLING PROPOSITION IN RETURN!

INSPIRED BY HIS DREAM, THE PLANETEER MAKES THE WEARY ROUNDS FOR CONTRIBUTIONS, AND EVENTUALLY...

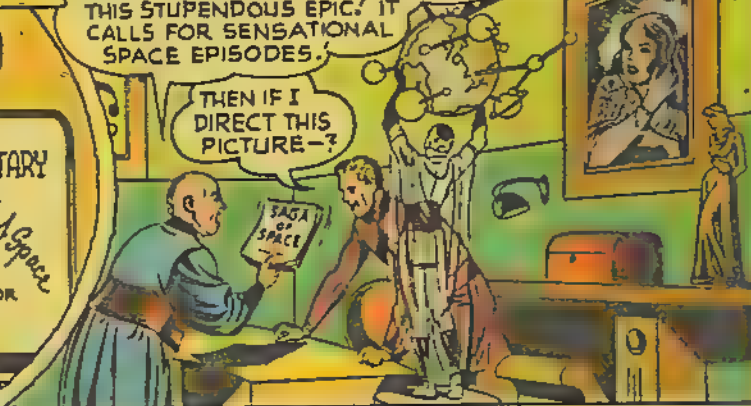
NO LUCK AT ALL SO FAR. BUT I'M DETERMINED TO TRY EVERY BIG BUSINESS CONCERN ON THIS PLANET.

INTERPLANETARY FILMS INC.
The Hollywood of Space
Jon Jones
CHIEF DIRECTOR



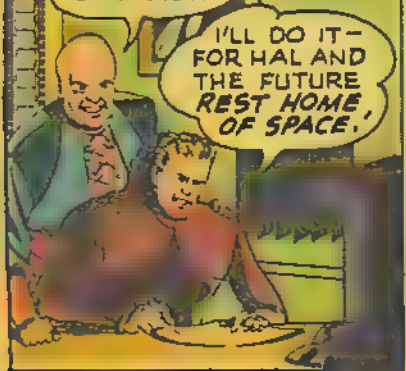
YOU NEED MONEY—AND I NEED THIS PICTURE MADE! BUT ONLY A PLANETEER LIKE YOURSELF COULD CARRY OUT THIS STUPENDOUS EPIC! IT CALLS FOR SENSATIONAL SPACE EPISODES.

THEN IF I DIRECT THIS PICTURE—?



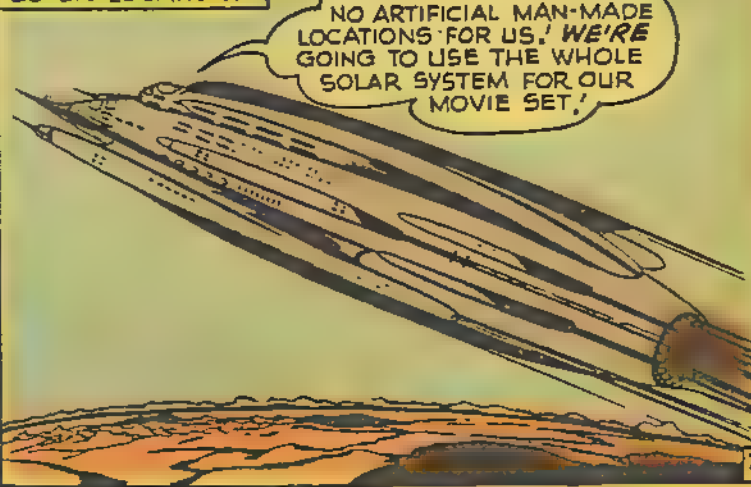
THERE IS A LIMITED BUDGET FOR THE FILM. IF YOU CAN CUT CORNERS, WHATEVER YOU SAVE WILL BE YOURS. SIGN THE CONTRACT.

I'LL DO IT—FOR HAL AND THE FUTURE REST HOME OF SPACE.



SOON AFTER, A GIANT SPACE SHIP LEAVES TO GO ON LOCATION.

NO ARTIFICIAL MAN-MADE LOCATIONS FOR US! WE'RE GOING TO USE THE WHOLE SOLAR SYSTEM FOR OUR MOVIE SET.



CRUISING THROUGH THE VOID, THE HOLLYWOOD OF SPACE GETS READY TO FILM THE GREATEST INTER-PLANETARY EPIC EVER CONCEIVED!

GET THOSE CAMERAS READY! THE FIRST SCENE WILL BE A COLLISION OF ASTEROIDS!

PROPERTY DEPT. 3

DAVID L. BROWN

WAIT! DON'T BUILD THOSE **ARTIFICIAL** ASTEROIDS. IT'S A WASTE OF TIME AND MONEY! I'M CUTTING CORNERS.

BUT THE SCRIPT CALLS FOR TWO ASTEROIDS COLLIDING.

WHY NOT USE THE **REAL THING**? THIS POWERFUL METEOR REPELLER CAN EASILY SHOVE ONE ASTEROID AGAINST ANOTHER!

CAMERA READY!

METEOR REPELLER

PRESENTLY, TOMMY TOMORROW MAKES POSSIBLE THE BREATHTAKING SCENE OF WORLDS COLLIDING!

THAT, GENTLEMEN, IS **REALISM**!

LATER...

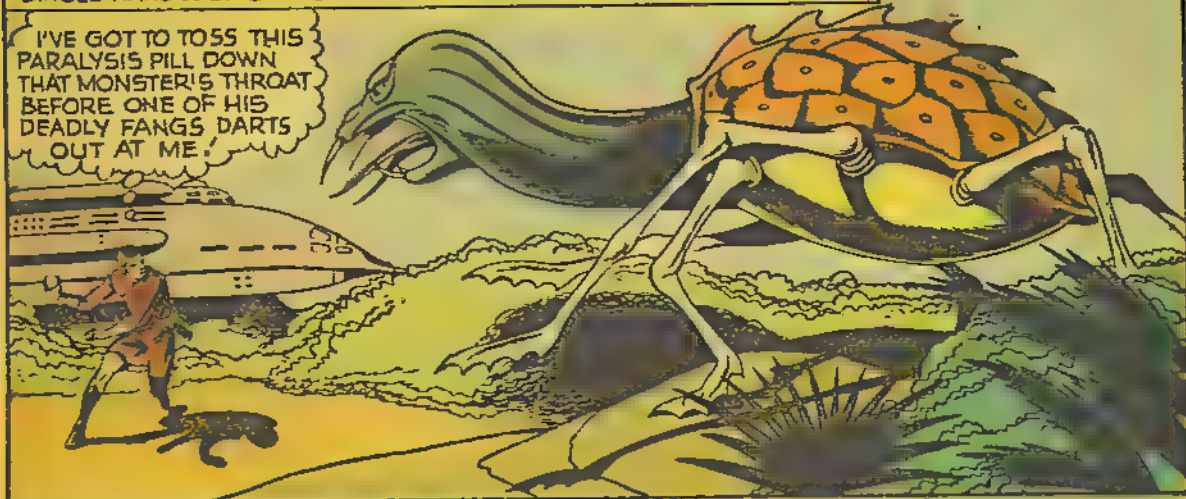
WHAT SIZE DO YOU WANT THIS ARTIFICIAL MONSTER BUILT, COLONEL TOMORROW?

SCRAP THOSE PLANS! WE'RE HEADING FOR VENUS—WHERE **REAL** MONSTERS ROAM THE PLANET!



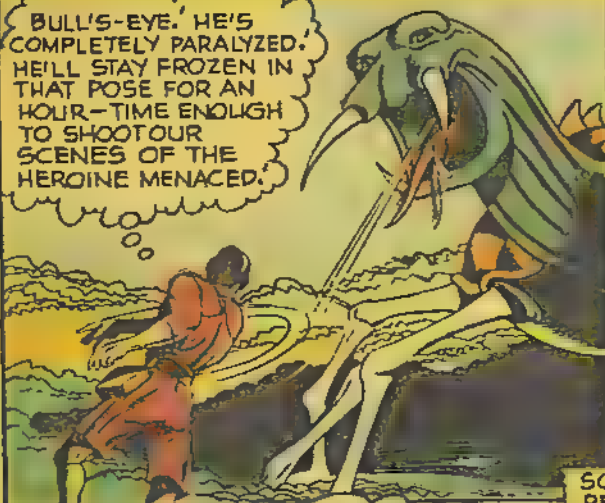
ON VENUS, SECOND PLANET FROM THE SUN, TOMMY TOMORROW, SINGLE-HANDEDLY SEEKS TO CAPTURE A FEARSOME NIGHTMARE!

I'VE GOT TO TOSS THIS PARALYSIS PILL DOWN THAT MONSTER'S THROAT BEFORE ONE OF HIS DEADLY FANGS DARTS OUT AT ME.



TAKING CAREFUL AIM, THE PLANETEER THROWS THE PELLET AT THE WIDE-OPEN TARGET AND...

BULL'S-EYE! HE'S COMPLETELY PARALYZED! HE'LL STAY FROZEN IN THAT POSE FOR AN HOUR—TIME ENOUGH TO SHOOT OUR SCENES OF THE HEROINE MENACED.



BUT TOMMY MEETS UNEXPECTED TROUBLE FROM AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT SOURCE!

IF YOU THINK I'M GOING ANYWHERE NEAR THAT BIG BRUTE, YOU'RE GREATLY MISTAKEN.

BUT MISS URANIA! HE'S PARALYZED—HARMLESS.

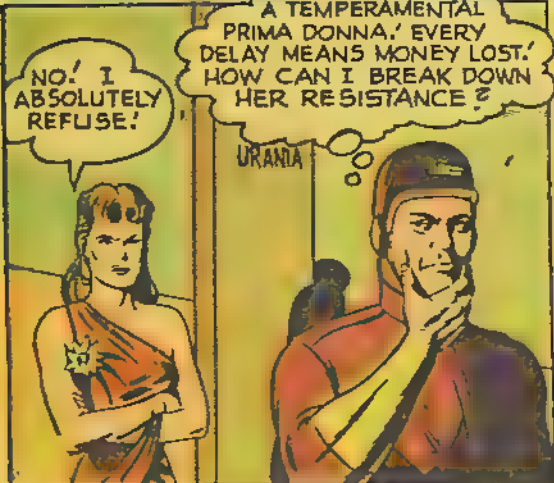


SOON AFTER, TOMMY TOMORROW MAKES A PERILOUS VENTURE INTO A FORBIDDING RADIOACTIVE SWAMP.

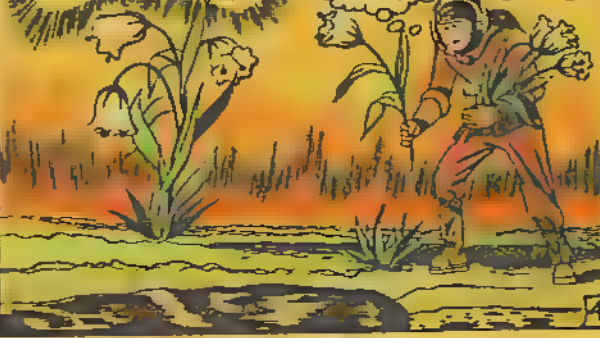
NO! I ABSOLUTELY REFUSE!

A TEMPERAMENTAL PRIMA DONNA! EVERY DELAY MEANS MONEY LOST! HOW CAN I BREAK DOWN HER RESISTANCE?

URANIA



THE VENUS BELL BLOSSOMS! THEY OUGHT TO SOFTEN HER UP! NOW TO GET AWAY FROM HERE BEFORE I KEEL OVER FROM ALL THE RADIOACTIVITY AROUND HERE.



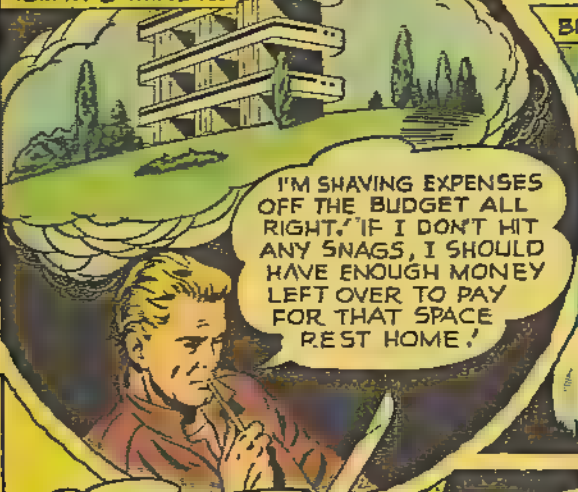
THE EXOTIC FLOWERS MAKE A DISTINCT HIT WITH THE FILM'S LEADING LADY!

OH, YOU WONDERFUL, BRAVE MAN! YOU BROUGHT ME THE RAREST FLOWERS IN THE UNIVERSE! HOW CAN I POSSIBLY REFUSE TO DO THE MONSTER SCENE NOW?

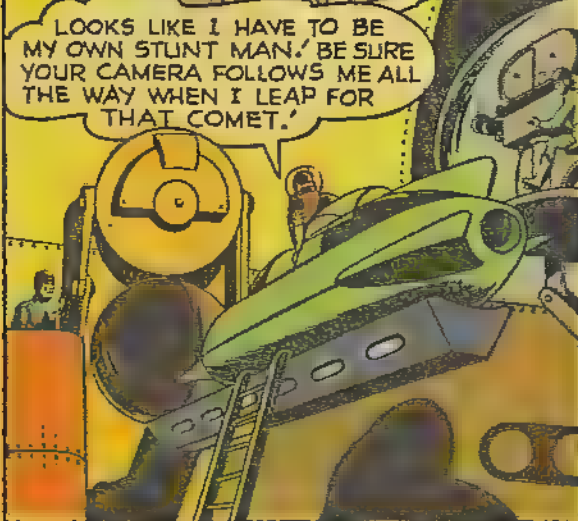


DRIVING HARD ALL THE WHILE, ONE THOUGHT REMAINS UPPERMOST IN TOMMY'S MIND...

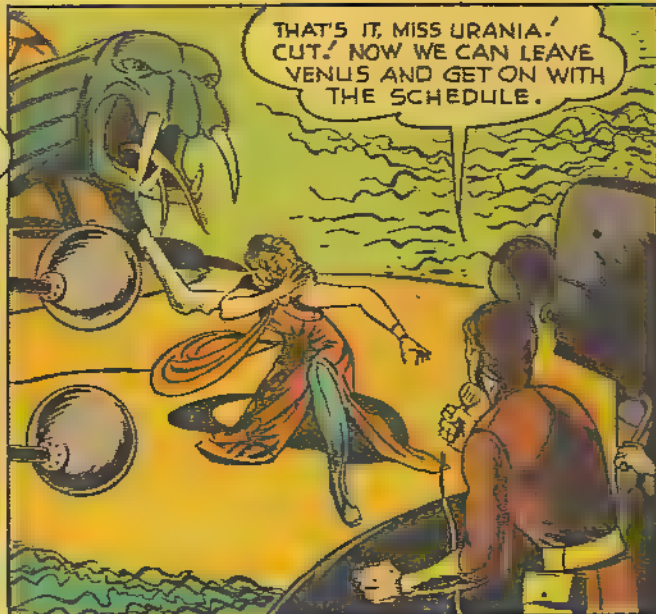
I'M SHAVING EXPENSES OFF THE BUDGET ALL RIGHT. IF I DON'T HIT ANY SNAGS, I SHOULD HAVE ENOUGH MONEY LEFT OVER TO PAY FOR THAT SPACE REST HOME.



LOOKS LIKE I HAVE TO BE MY OWN STUNT MAN. BE SURE YOUR CAMERA FOLLOWS ME ALL THE WAY WHEN I LEAP FOR THAT COMET.



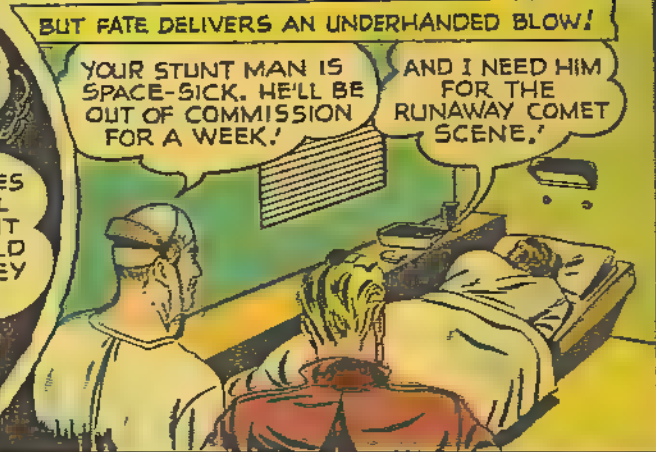
THAT'S IT, MISS URANIA. CUT! NOW WE CAN LEAVE VENUS AND GET ON WITH THE SCHEDULE.



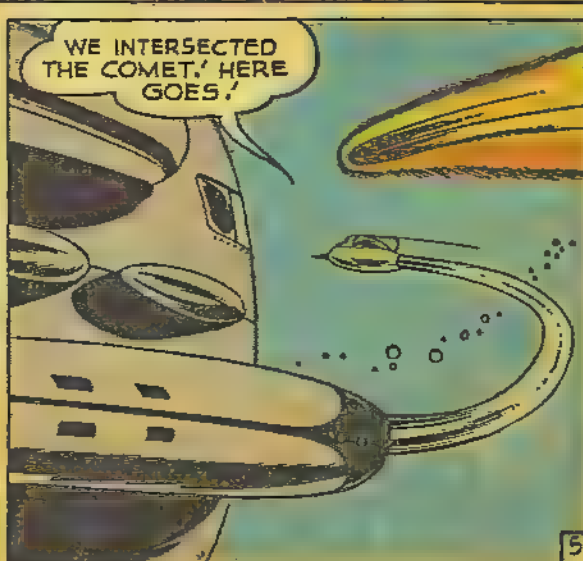
BUT FATE DELIVERS AN UNDERHANDED BLOW!

YOUR STUNT MAN IS SPACE-SICK. HE'LL BE OUT OF COMMISSION FOR A WEEK.

AND I NEED HIM FOR THE RUNAWAY COMET SCENE.



WE INTERSECTED THE COMET. HERE GOES.



A HAZARDOUS LEAP FROM A SPEEDING ROCKET SHIP TO A FLAMING COMET IN MID-SPACE.

IF I MISS, I'LL FLOAT THROUGH SPACE FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE.

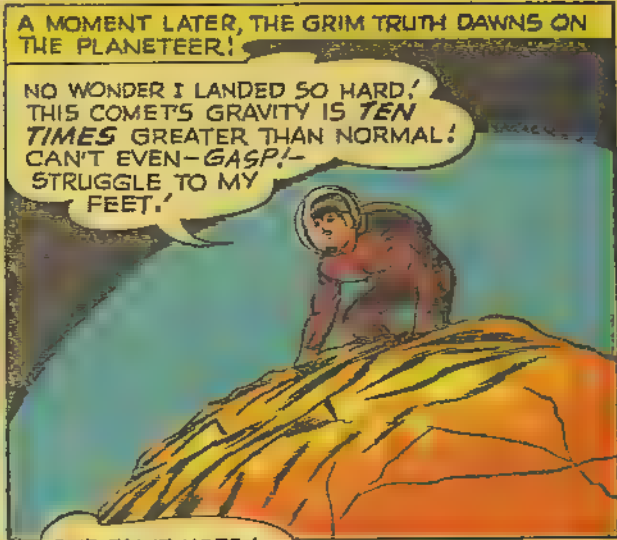


MADE IT—*OOOF!* THIS LANDING TURNED OUT MUCH WORSE THAN I EXPECTED.



A MOMENT LATER, THE GRIM TRUTH DAWNS ON THE PLANETEER!

NO WONDER I LANDED SO HARD! THIS COMET'S GRAVITY IS **TEN TIMES** GREATER THAN NORMAL! CAN'T EVEN—*GASP!*—STRUGGLE TO MY FEET.

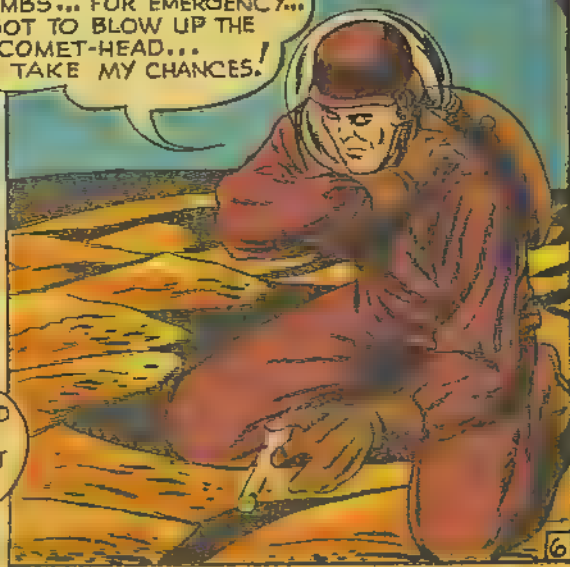


WEIGHING TEN TIMES MORE THAN HIS REGULAR WEIGHT, TOMMY TOMORROW IS TRAPPED ON THE COMET-HEAD!



IT MUST BE MADE OF SUPER-PACKED ATOMS! I CAN'T MOVE! I WAS SUPPOSED TO JUMP FREE OF THE COMET, AND RETURN TO THE SHIP, BUT THE COMET IS CARRYING ME AWAY AT HUNDREDS OF MILES PER SECOND.

ONE FAINT HOPE! PLANETEERS ALWAYS CARRY MINIATURE ATOMIC BOMBS... FOR EMERGENCY... GOT TO BLOW UP THE COMET-HEAD... TAKE MY CHANCES!





TOMMY TOMORROW IS HURLED FREE OF THE EXPLODED COMET—BUT ALIVE OR DEAD?



HOW COULD HE SURVIVE THAT TERRIFIC EXPLOSION? HE MUST BE DEAD!

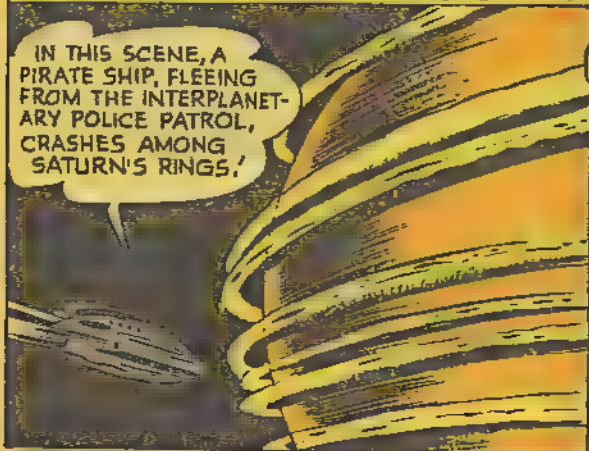
BUT, MINUTES LATER, TOMMY TURNS UP SAFE AND SOUND.

ODDLY ENOUGH, THE EXPLOSION DIDN'T HARM ME. YOU SEE, AN EXPLOSION ON EARTH IS MAINLY THE OUTFLOW OF VIOLENT **CONCUSSION** WAVES! BUT THOSE WAVES ARE FORMED OF **AIR**! AND INTERPLANETARY SPACE IS **AIRLESS**! MY ONLY WORRY WAS THAT YOU WOULDN'T **FIND** ME, FLOATING IN SPACE!



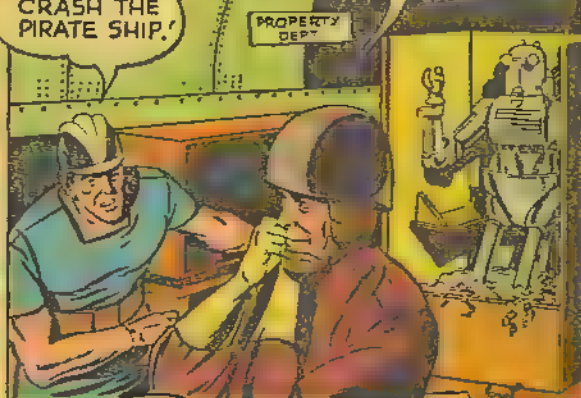
ONCE MORE, THE HOLLYWOOD OF SPACE CRUISES ON AND COMES TO ITS FINAL CLIMACTIC REEL!

IN THIS SCENE, A PIRATE SHIP, FLEEING FROM THE INTERPLANETARY POLICE PATROL, CRASHES AMONG SATURN'S RINGS!



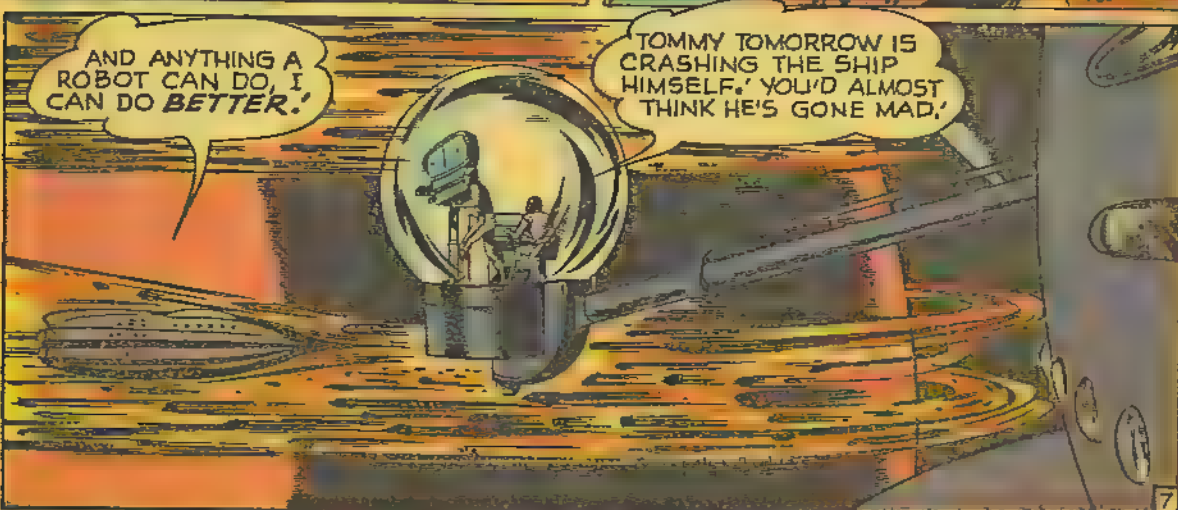
BUT THAT ROBOT WAS SUPPOSED TO PILOT AND CRASH THE PIRATE SHIP!

FORGET IT! THAT ROBOT COST \$10,000 TO BUILD AND IS TOO EXPENSIVE TO SACRIFICE! I'M STILL CUTTING CORNERS!



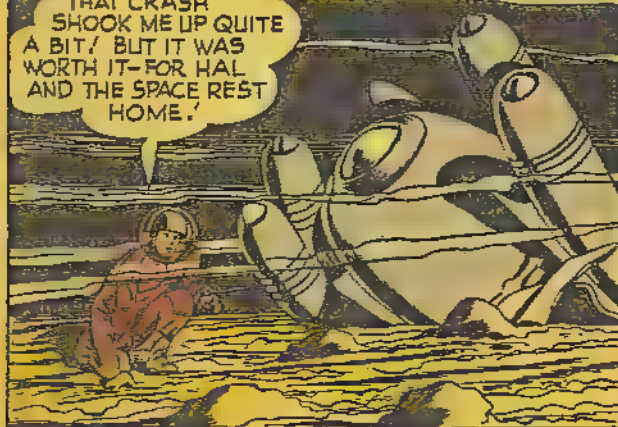
AND ANYTHING A ROBOT CAN DO, I CAN DO **BETTER**!

TOMMY TOMORROW IS CRASHING THE SHIP HIMSELF! YOU'D ALMOST THINK HE'S GONE MAD!



BUT TOMMY TOMORROW IS NOT MAD, ONLY FANATICALLY DETERMINED TO WIN THE FUNDS HE NEEDS!

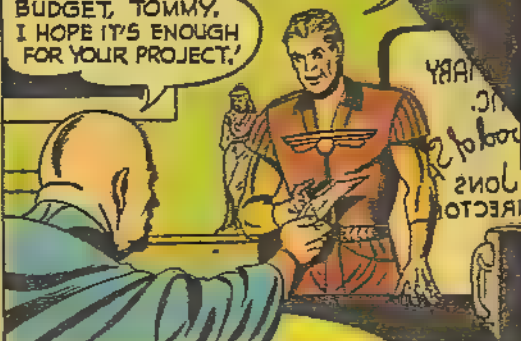
THAT CRASH SHOOK ME UP QUITE A BIT! BUT IT WAS WORTH IT—FOR HAL AND THE SPACE REST HOME.



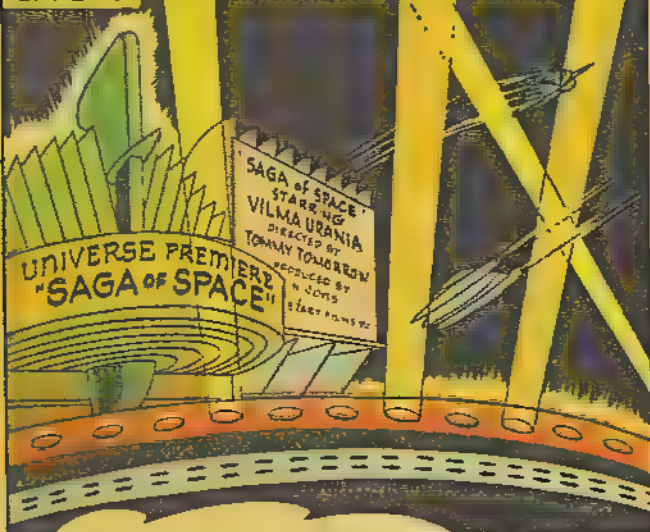
WHEN THE CRUISING STUDIO ROCKETS HOME, AND TOMMY DELIVERS THE FINISHED EPIC TO INTERPLANETARY FILMS...

HERE'S A CHECK FOR THE AMOUNT YOU SAVED ON THE BUDGET, TOMMY. I HOPE IT'S ENOUGH FOR YOUR PROJECT.

N-NO! I'M STILL \$75,000 SHORT!



A MONTH LATER, THE GALA PREMIERE OF 'SAGA OF SPACE' IS STAGED, HERALDING A BOX-OFFICE SMASH!



I'M FROM THE SOLAR INSURANCE COMPANY. FOR YEARS, WE'VE HAD TO PAY HEAVY CLAIMS TO SPACE-FLEET OWNERS WHOSE SHIPS HAVE CRASHED INTO A CERTAIN ERRATIC COMET—THE ONE YOU DESTROYED! PLEASE ACCEPT THIS CHECK FOR RIDDING US OF OUR NEMESIS!

\$75,000! THAT DOES IT!



BUT TOMMY TOMORROW BROODS ALONE IN HIS ROOM...

SURE, IT'S SENSATIONAL! COLOSSAL! SO WHAT? I STILL HAVEN'T ENOUGH MONEY TO LAUNCH THE SPACE REST HOME! SOMEONE AT THE DOOR... COME IN!



YOU'LL GET WELL NOW, HAL! I HOPE THE HOME WILL STAND AS AN EVERLASTING MONUMENT TO OUR HEROIC PLANETEERS—WHO, IN THEIR QUEST TO SERVE CIVILIZATION, OFTEN ENDANGER THEIR LIVES.

LATER, THE FORMAL OPENING OF THE SPACE REST HOME...



NEXT MONTH, A NEW SCIENCE TOMMY TOMORROW THRILLER—
"THE MAN WHO STOOD ONE MILE HIGH!"

THE END



CONGO BILL

A BAD END
AWAITS THE RECKLESS
CAREER OF THE PLAYBOY
PRINCE OF INDIA, CHAM SHA
SHADDIN! HIS LIFE EXPECTANCY IS
ZERO—YET WORLD WIDE INSURANCE
COMPANY IS WILLING TO INSURE HIM
FOR HALF A MILLION DOLLARS!
FOR WORLD WIDE ASSIGNS TO
CONGO BILL THE BIG JOB OF KEEP-
ING THIS DANGER-SEEKING YOUTH
ALIVE! AND WORLD WIDE'S ACE
TROUBLE-SHOOTER HAS NEVER HAD
A MORE NERVE-WRACKING CHORE
THAN KEEPING TABS ON...

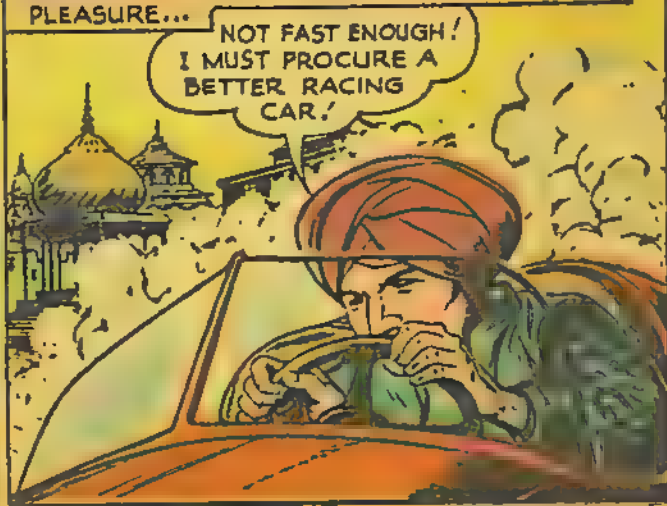
**"THE MAN WHO
HUNTED
THRILLS!"**



WHILE THE PEOPLE OF NYABAD SUFFER...



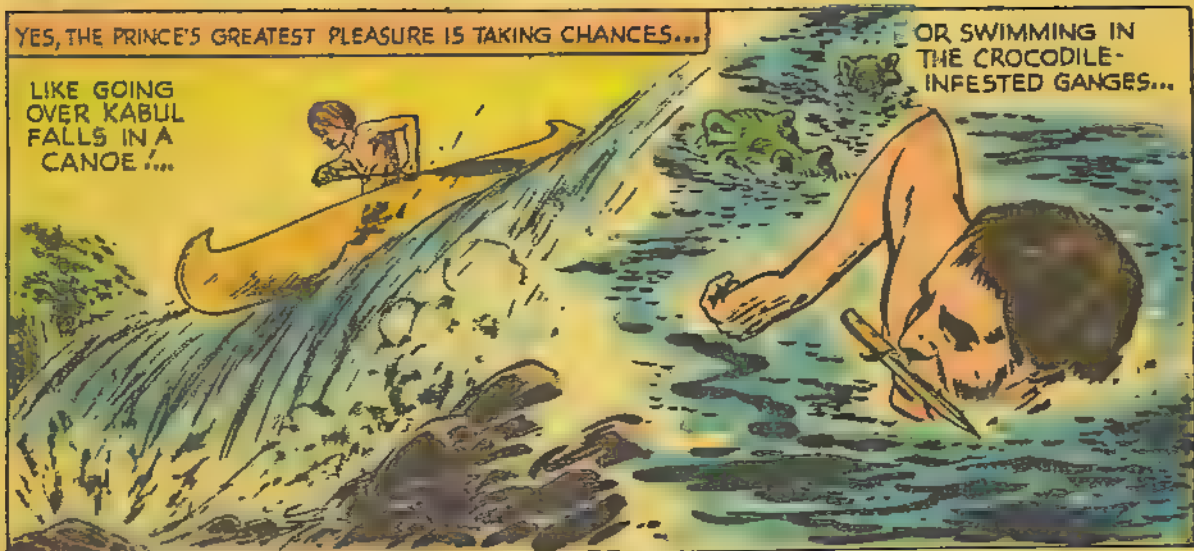
THE PRINCE OF NYABAD THINKS ONLY OF HIS OWN
PLEASURE...



NOT FAST ENOUGH!
I MUST PROCURE A
BETTER RACING
CAR!

YES, THE PRINCE'S GREATEST PLEASURE IS TAKING CHANCES...

LIKE GOING
OVER KABUL
FALLS IN A
CANOE...



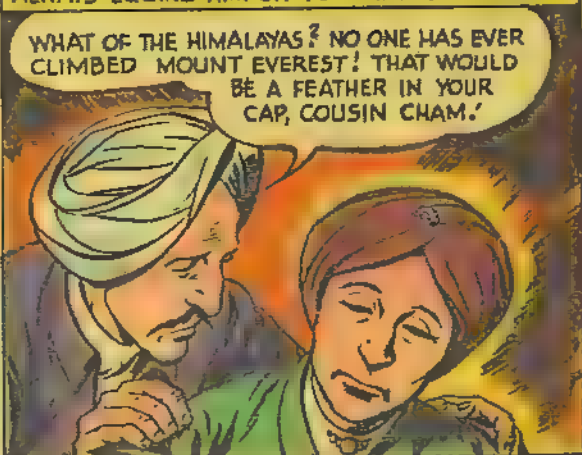
OR SWIMMING IN
THE CROCODILE-
INFESTED GANGES...

OR TACKLING THE SLOTH BEAR WITH ONLY A
HUNTING KNIFE FOR A WEAPON...



AND THE PRINCE'S COUSIN, AHANGIR BEG, IS
ALWAYS EGGING HIM ON TO FURTHER HAZARDS...

WHAT OF THE HIMALAYAS? NO ONE HAS EVER
CLIMBED MOUNT EVEREST! THAT WOULD
BE A FEATHER IN YOUR
CAP, COUSIN CHAM.



OF COURSE,
WHAT
PRINCE
CHAM DOES
WITH HIS
LIFE MAY BE
NOBODY'S
BUSINESS
BUT HIS
OWN - BUT
HE HAPPENS
TO BE
INSURED BY
WORLD WIDE
INSURANCE
COMPANY.
AND THAT'S
WHERE
CONGO
BILL
COMES
IN!

WE'LL MAKE THE BENEFICIARY
THE EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM OF
NYABAD AS YOU DESIRE, YOUR
HIGHNESS. BUT-ER-WE
MUST ASK THAT ONE OF
OUR MEN BE WITH YOU FOR
A TRIAL PERIOD BEFORE
YOUR INSURANCE POLICY
BECOMES PERMANENT.

I AM FULLY
CAPABLE OF
SAFEGUARDING
MYSELF, SIR!



CONGO BILL WILL NOT
PREVENT YOU FROM
ENJOYING LIFE, PRINCE.
HE WILL MERELY
ACCOMPANY YOU.

OH, VERY WELL.
LET THE FELLOW
TODDLE ALONG
AFTER US, IF HE
WANTS TO.





TWO DAYS LATER, IN THE TIGER COUNTRY, PRINCE CHAM ANNOUNCES A GREAT HUNT...

A TIGER HUNT?
I'D BETTER CHECK
YOUR EQUIPMENT
AT ONCE.

CHECK MY—? THIS IS IN-
SUFFERABLE! I'LL NOT STAND
FOR IT! I'VE HUNTED OFTEN
AND CAN CHECK MY OWN
EQUIPMENT.



THIS IS ALL YOUR
FAULT, AHANGIR BEG.
YOU TALKED ME INTO
TAKING OUT THAT
INSURANCE! NOW I
CANNOT CALL MY
LIFE MY OWN.

SORRY, HIGHNESS.
PERHAPS I CAN KEEP
AN EYE ON THIS CONGO
BILL, TO SEE THAT HE
BOTHERS YOU NO
MORE.



THE FOLLOWING DAY, IN THE TALL GRASSES
WHICH THE TIGER FREQUENTS, A SHRILL
CRY GOES UP...

MASTER! THE
TIGER COMES!

HE IS RIGHT BEHIND
US! DO NOT MISS!

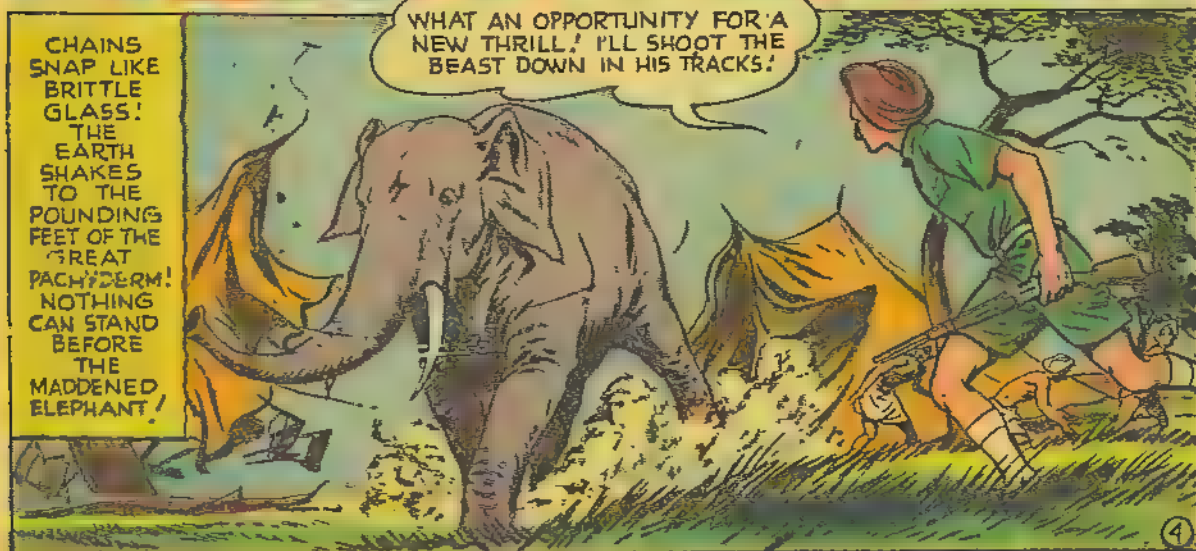
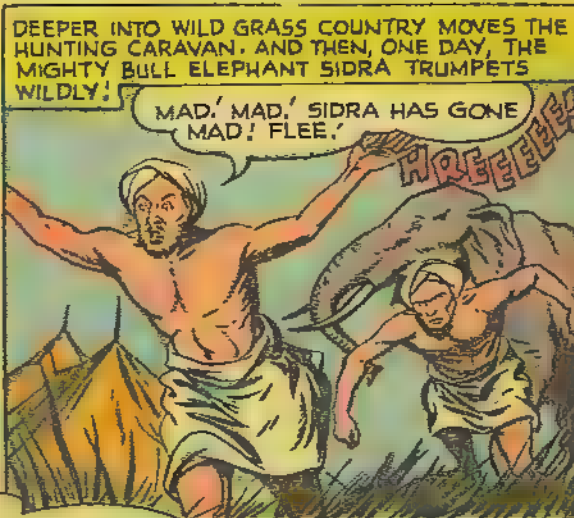
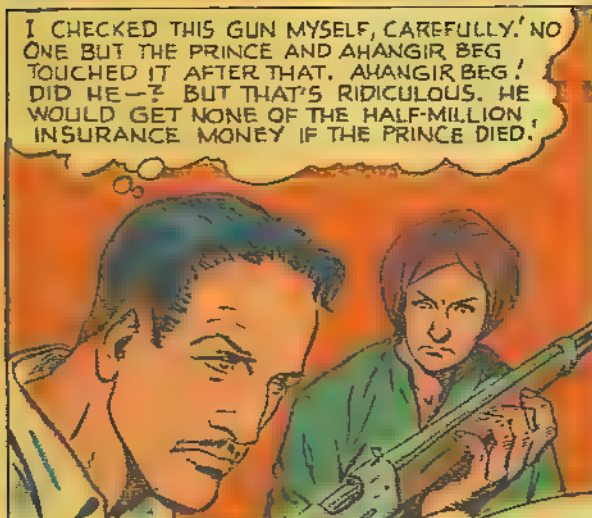
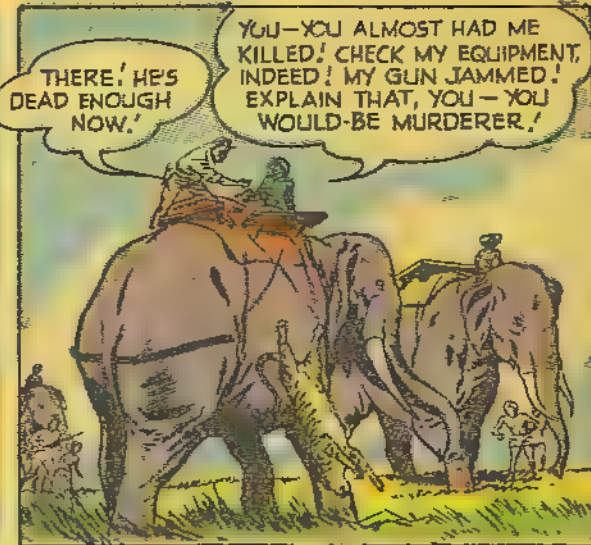


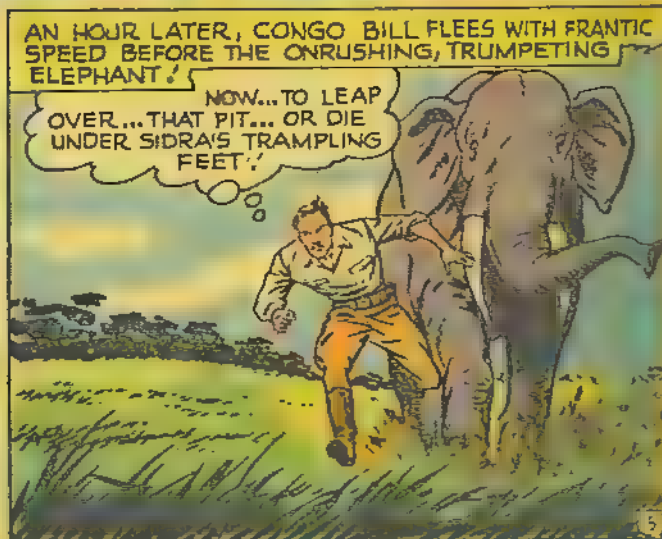
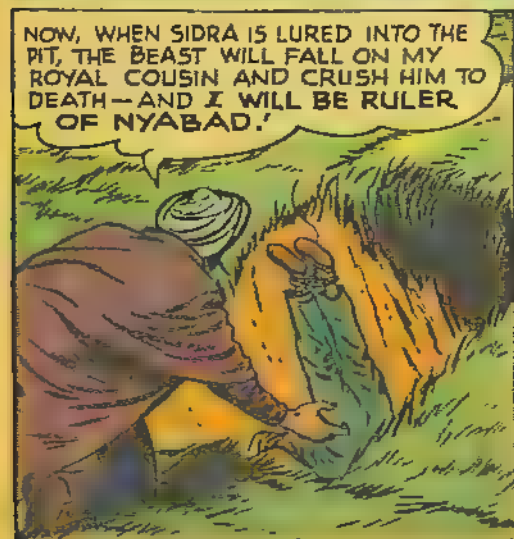
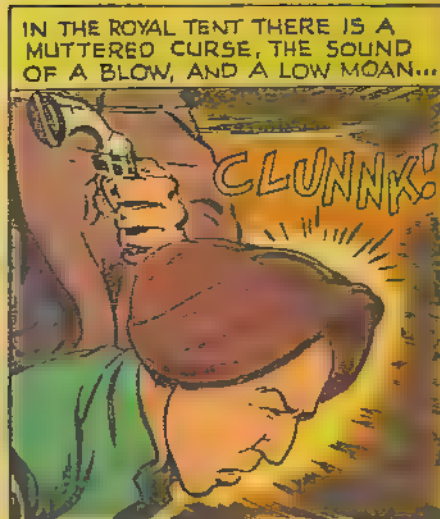
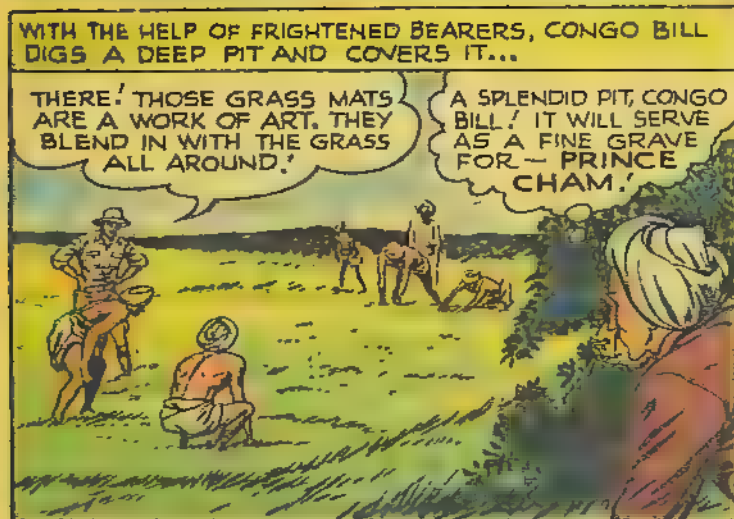
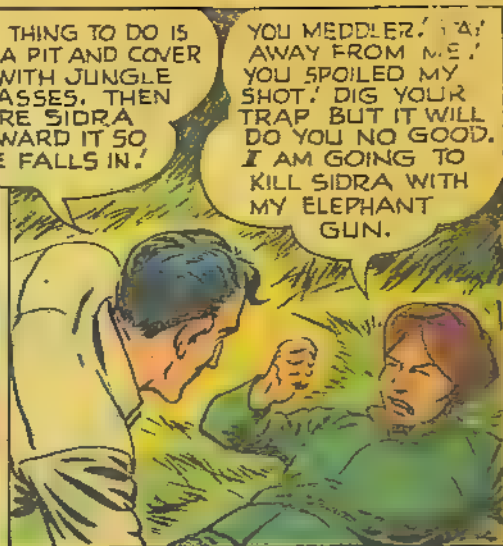
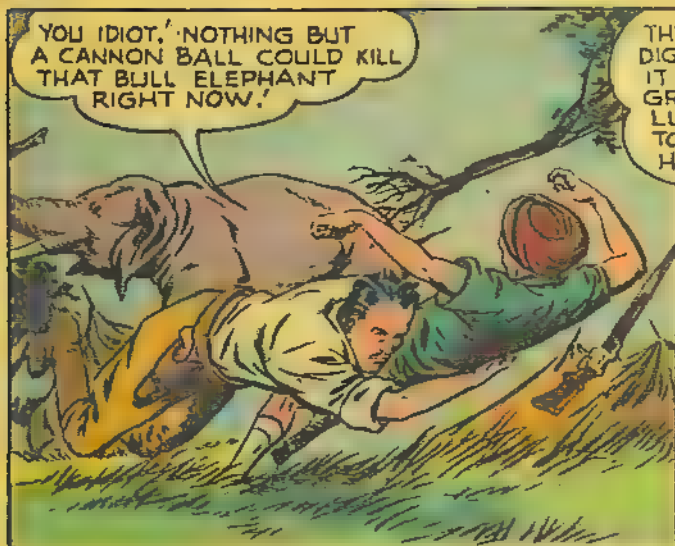
MY GUN—JAMMED! I ONLY WOUNDED
THE BEAST WITH MY FIRST SHOT AND—I
CAN'T PULL THE TRIGGER AGAIN!
IT'S STUCK!



SAVE ME! THE ANIMAL IS MAD
WITH PAIN! MY GUN WON'T WORK!
HE'LL KILL ME!!



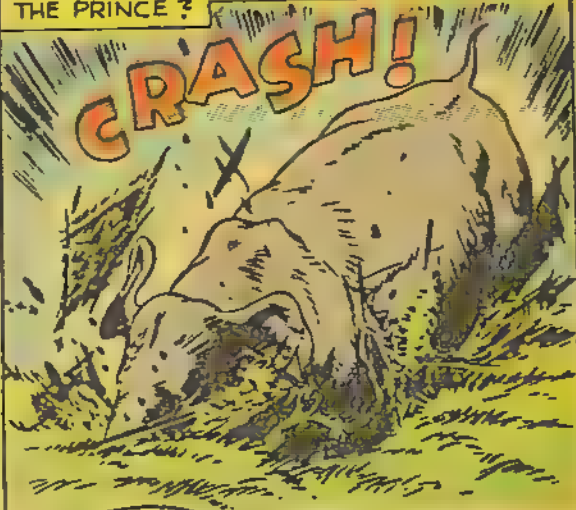






I'M GOING TO... MAKE IT!

YES, CONGO BILL MAKES IT-- BUT WHAT OF THE PRINCE?



CRASH!

TWO HOURS LATER IN THE ROYAL TENT, A SNEERING AHANGIR BEG MOCKS A HELPLESS CONGO BILL...

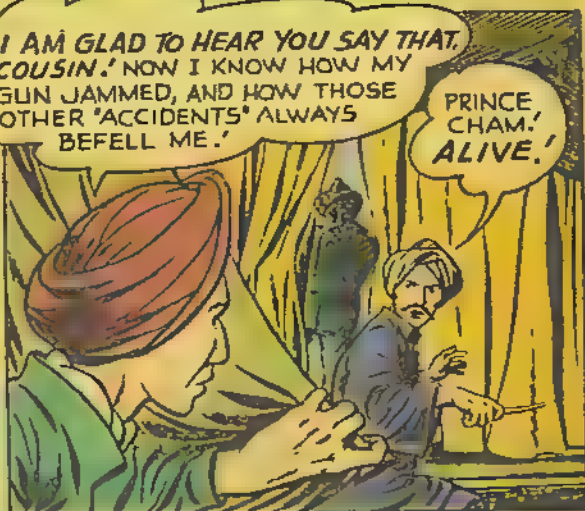
SO YOU PUT PRINCE CHAM IN THE PIT!

YES, I LEFT HIM THERE TO DIE! BUT YOU WILL NOT LIVE TO TELL OF IT! WHAT KIND OF RULER WAS HE, THINKING ONLY OF HIS THRILLS? NOW I AM MASTER!



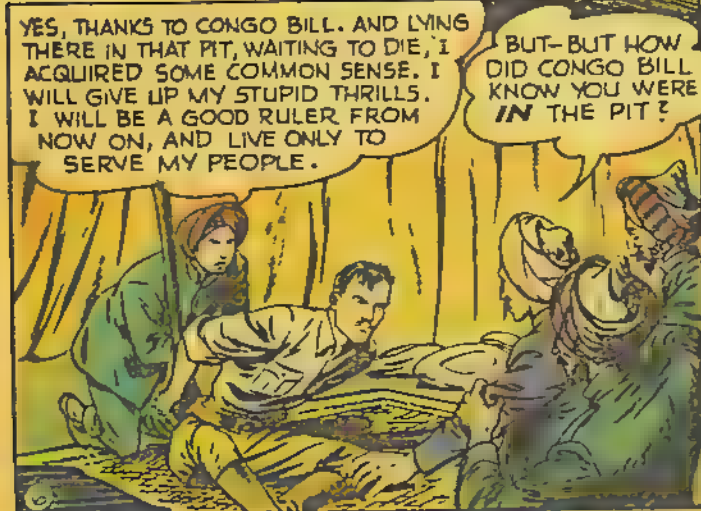
I AM GLAD TO HEAR YOU SAY THAT, COUSIN! NOW I KNOW HOW MY GUN JAMMED, AND HOW THOSE OTHER 'ACCIDENTS' ALWAYS BEFELL ME!

PRINCE CHAM! ALIVE!



YES, THANKS TO CONGO BILL. AND LYING THERE IN THAT PIT, WAITING TO DIE, I ACQUIRED SOME COMMON SENSE. I WILL GIVE UP MY STUPID THRILLS. I WILL BE A GOOD RULER FROM NOW ON, AND LIVE ONLY TO SERVE MY PEOPLE.

BUT-BUT HOW DID CONGO BILL KNOW YOU WERE IN THE PIT?



CHECKING UP BEFORE THE HUNT, I SAW THAT THE PIT'S COVERING HAD BEEN DISTURBED! THE GRASS IN ONE PART GREW ONE WAY...AND OVER THE REST OF IT ANOTHER WAY! THIS WASN'T NATURAL! YOU SEE, BEG, IN HASTILY PUSHING BACK THE COVER, YOU HAD REVERSED PART OF IT!



THE END

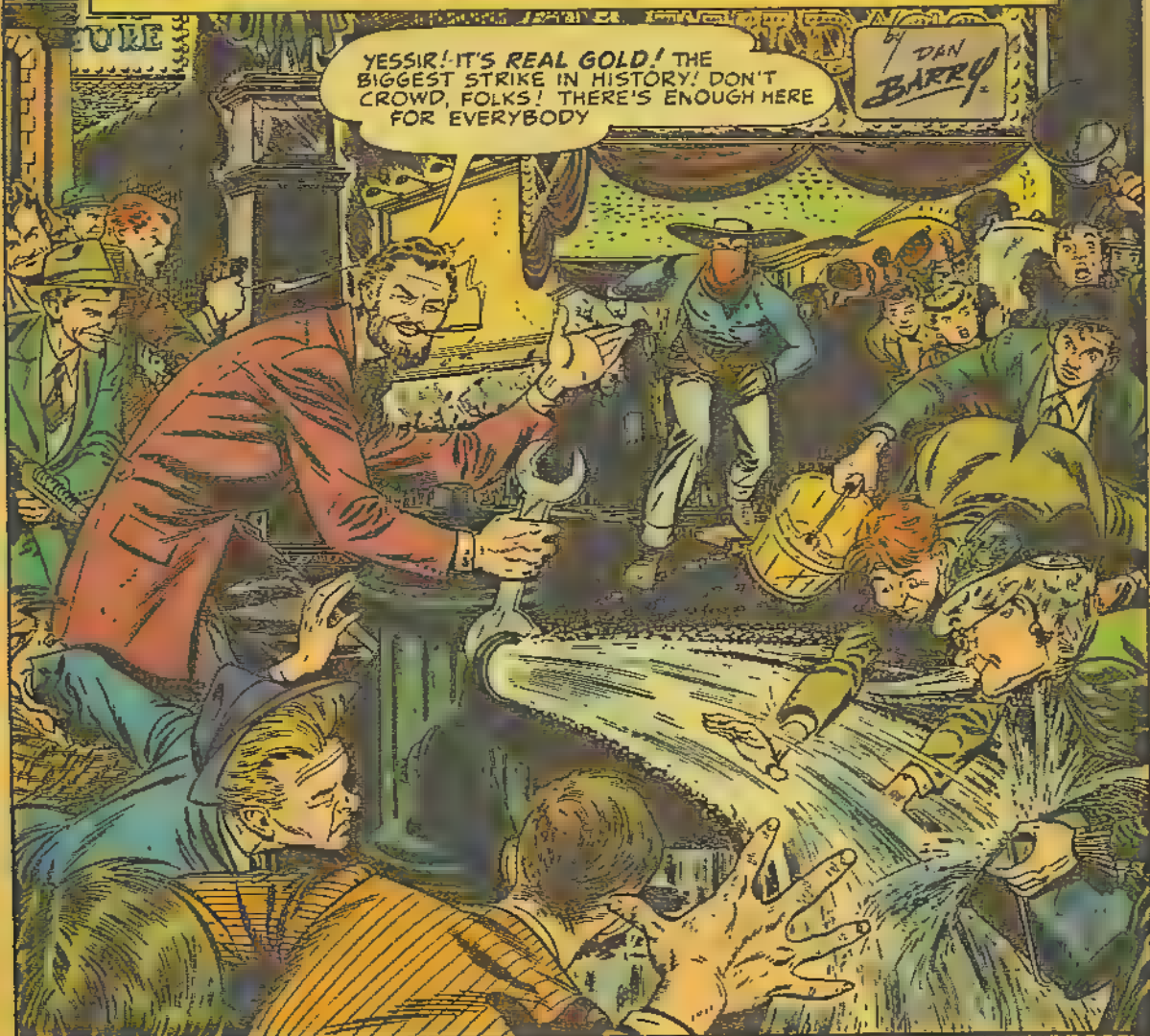
VIGILANTE

THERE HAVE BEEN GREAT GOLD STRIKES BEFORE--BUT NEVER ONE PRACTICALLY IN THE MIDDLE OF A MODERN METROPOLIS! THE EFFECTS OF SUCH AN INCREDIBLE HAPPENING ON THE CITY'S ORDINARILY WELL-BEHAVED CITIZENS IS ONLY ONE OF THE PROBLEMS THAT FACE THE VIGILANTE AS, RIGHTLY SUSPECTING CROOKED WORK, HE REFUSES TO BE TAKEN IN WHEN

"THE GOLD RUSH COMES TO GOTHAM CITY!"

YESSIR! IT'S REAL GOLD! THE BIGGEST STRIKE IN HISTORY! DON'T CROWD, FOLKS! THERE'S ENOUGH HERE FOR EVERYBODY

DAN BARRY



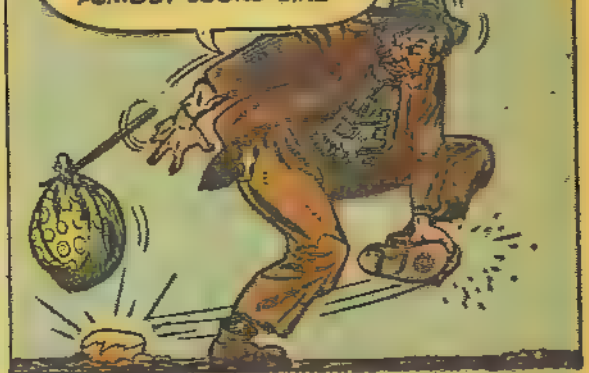


ON THE EDGE OF GOTHAM CITY SPRAWLS A GIANT AREA, ONCE FULL OF LIFE, NOW DESERTED, SILENT...



THEN, ONE DAY, A HOBO, CROSSING THE WASTE, TRIPS ON SOMETHING...

OOOPS! BLAST THESE STONES..
HUH? LOOKA THAT YELLOW
COLOR ON IT! GEE! IT
ALMOST LOOKS LIKE--



SOON AFTER, AT A JEWELER'S IN GOTHAM CITY...

YES! THERE'S 18-
CARAT GOLD IN THIS
SPECIMEN, BUDDY!

HOLD ME UP,
MISTER! BOXCAR
HERBIE HAS STRUCK
IT RICH!! WHEEEE--



SO IN THAT DAY'S PAPERS...



THE LURE OF THE YELLOW METAL ATTRACTS CITIZENS FROM EVERY WALK OF LIFE...

STEP ON IT, JAMES!
TO THE GOLD FIELDS!

GIDDAP, BETSY! WE'VE
GOTTA STAKE A
CLAIM!

TAKE ME
TO WHERE
THE GOLD
IS!

HOP IN,
LADY! I'M
HEADIN'
THERE
MYSELF!

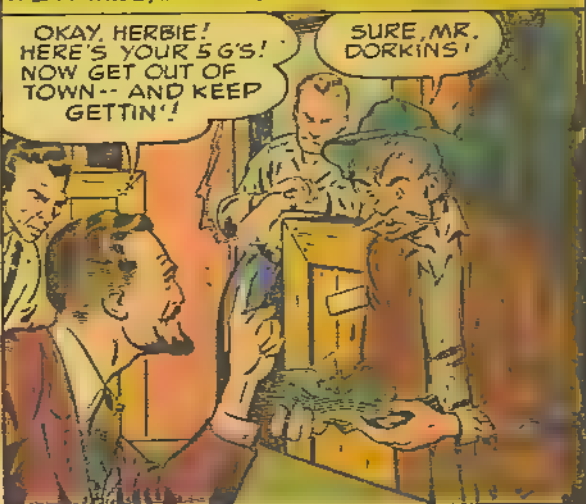




AT THE NEW STRIKE, A SYNDICATE IS ALREADY SELLING LAND AT HIGH PRICES...



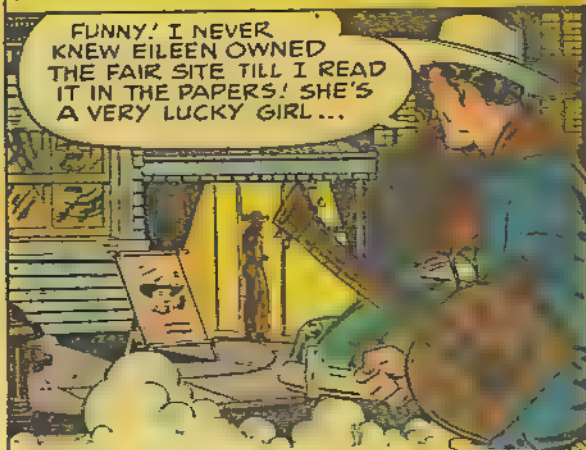
MEANWHILE, IN A DESERTED FAIR BUILDING...



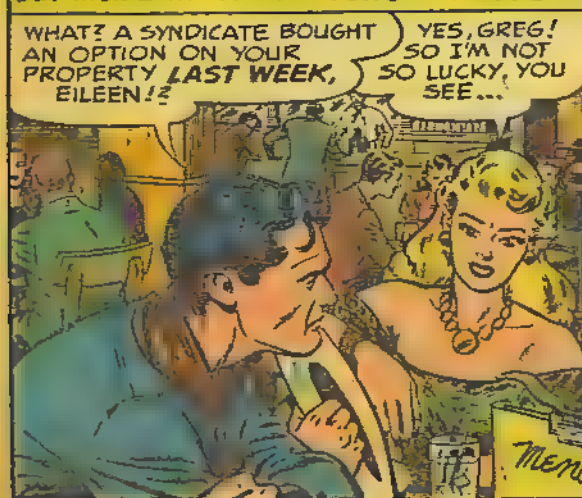
CAL DORKINS, THE SYNDICATE CHIEF, CONGRATULATES HIMSELF...



IN TOWN, GREG SANDERS, THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR, GOES TO KEEP AN APPOINTMENT WITH NIGHTCLUB SINGER, EILEEN BENTON...



BUT INSIDE THE FAMOUS LONG BAR CLUB...



THE OPTION EXPIRES AT MIDNIGHT TONIGHT! BUT OF COURSE THE SYNDICATE WON'T LET IT DROP NOW! THEY'RE THE LUCKY ONES!



ED NOTE: AN OPTION IS A LEGAL RIGHT TO BUY SOMETHING WITHIN A CERTAIN TIME LIMIT...

AFTER EILEEN GOES, GREG PONDERES...

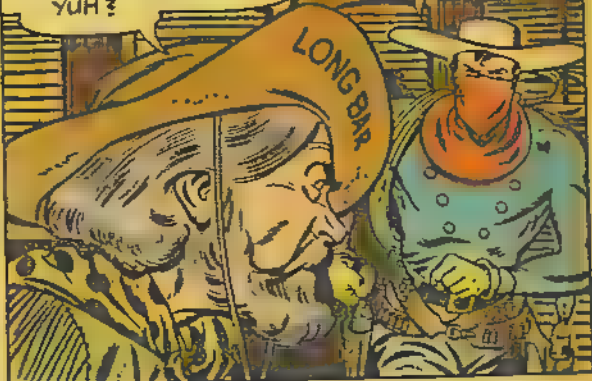
GOLD STRIKES ALWAYS ATTRACT BAD ELEMENTS! I THINK THE VIGILANTE BETTER GET OVER TO THIS ONE FAST... TO DISCOURAGE ANYBODY WHO MIGHT BE GETTING CROOKED IDEAS...



A RED MASK IS DONNED SECRETLY--AND THE NEXT MOMENT...

VIGILANTE! YUH AIN'T GOIN' OUT TO THE NEW GOLD FIELDS BY ANY CHANCE, ARE YUH?

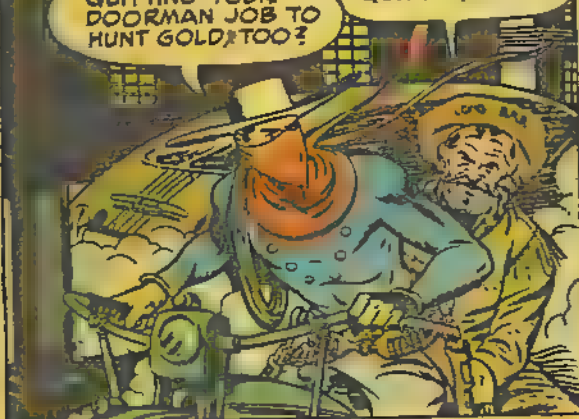
SURE, PARD! GOT MY "HOSS" GROUND--HITCHED AROUND THE CORNER.



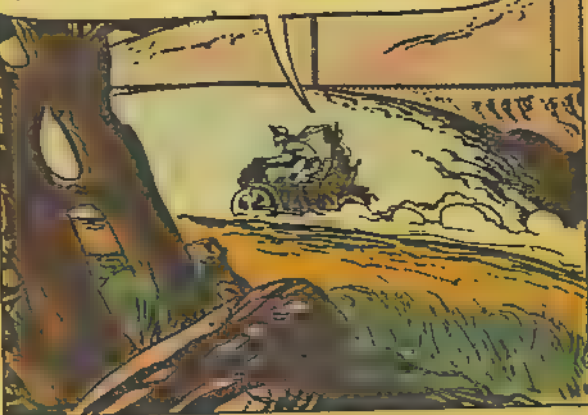
AND THE VIG'S PAL, "SHERIFF" JONES, THE DOORMAN OF THE LONG BAR, CADGES A RIDE...

"SHERIFF," YOU QUITTING YOUR DOORMAN JOB TO HUNT GOLD, TOO?

WAAL, I'M A-QUITTIN', VIG--



-- BUT 'TAIN'T FER GOLD! I GOT A PERSONAL REASON I NEVER TOLD YUH ABOUT! YUH SEE, I USED TO BE A REAL SHERIFF, BUT ONE DAY ABOUT FIFTEEN YEARS AGO...



...A CERTAIN HOMBRE CALLED THE SNAKY KID LOCKED ME UP IN MY OWN JAIL AND ESCAPED! I HAD BEEN A-LOOKIN' FER HIM EVER SINCE...

AND YOU THINK HE MAY TURN UP AT THIS NEW GOLD STRIKE, EH?



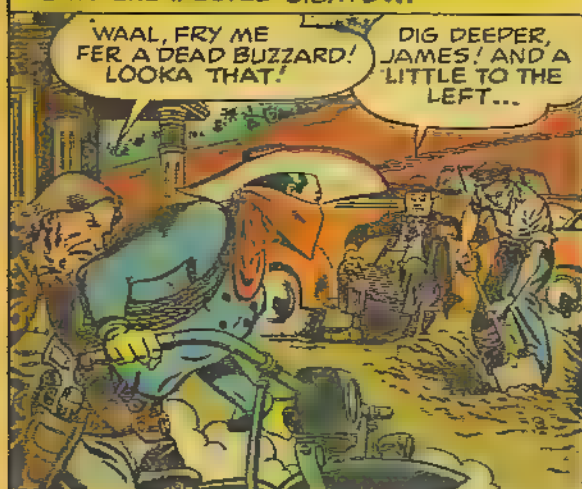
OKAY, JONESY! WHAT SAY WE MAKE A TEAM THEN? WE'RE BOTH CROOK-HUNTING, YUH MIGHT SAY--SO WE'LL WORK TOGETHER!

YUH GOT YERSELF A PARDNER, VIG!





AT THE GOLD DIGGINGS, THE DUO VIEWS SOME UNEXPECTED SIGHTS...



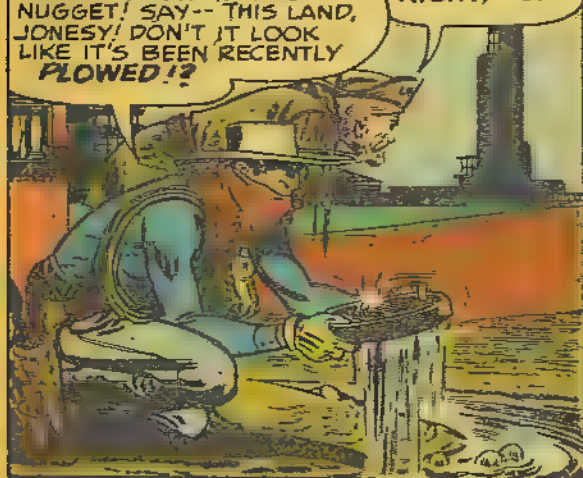
DEAR ME! I HOPE THIS KITCHEN STRAINER WILL CATCH THE GOLD!

THESE CITY FOLKS HAVE GOT THE SPIRIT -- BUT THEY'RE WEAK ON KNOW-HOW!



SEEMS I'VE STILL GOT THE TOUCH--LOOK AT THIS NUGGET! SAY-- THIS LAND, JONESY! DON'T IT LOOK LIKE IT'S BEEN RECENTLY FLOWED!?

SAY! YUH'RE RIGHT, VIG!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT, BEHIND THE PAIR...

A GOOD THING I SPOTTED THESE TWO AN' FOLLERED THEM! THEY'RE TOO SMART!

THAT SOUND--!



THE NEXT SECOND--AS VIG MAKES A BACKWARD FLIP WITH HIS TALENTED ROPE...

GOT HIM! IT WAS THE HAMMER OF A SIX-GUN I HEARD--A SOUND YOU DON'T MISTAKE!

UHHH!

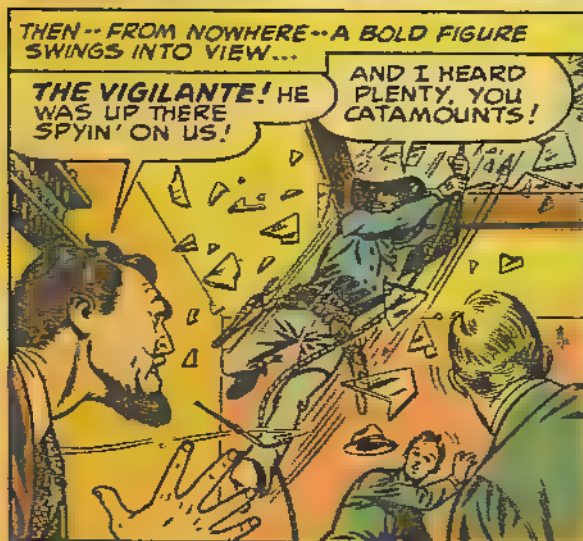
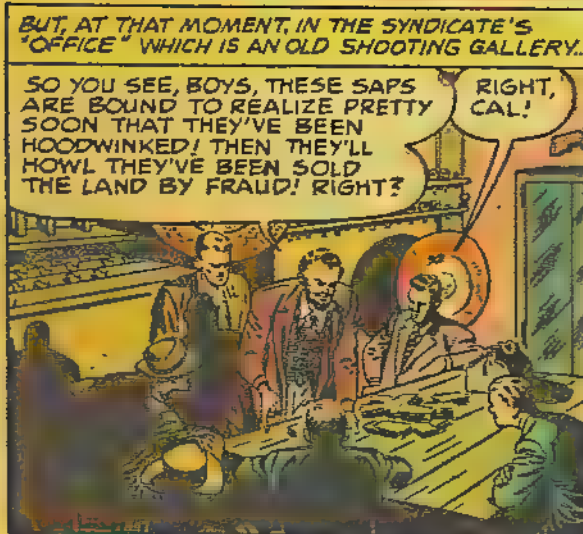
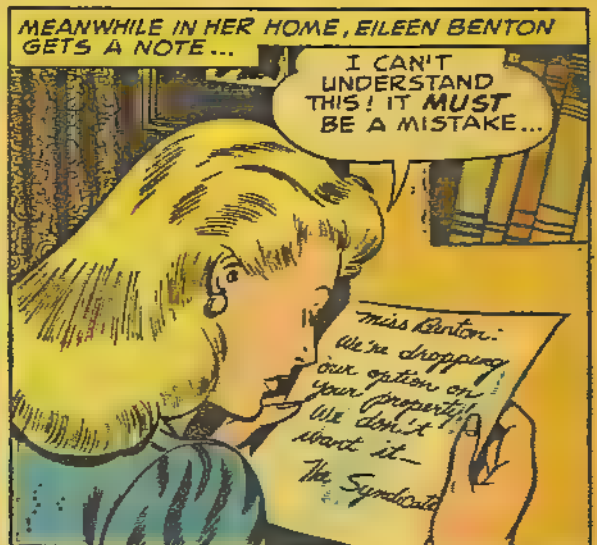
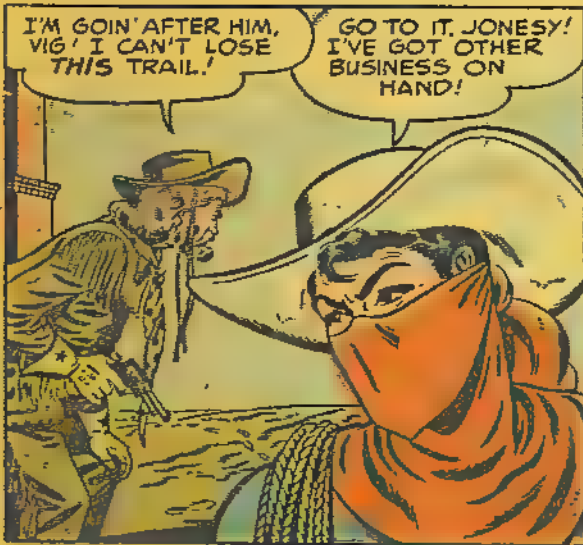


INSTANTS AFTER--AS THE FOILED CROOK TAKES TO HIS HEELS...

RUNNING!

AND HE DROPPED HIS GUN-- BUT LOOK! THE STRIKING RATTLER ON IT! IT'S THE MARK OF THE SNAKY KID!!





WITH EXPLOSIVE EFFECT, THE CROOK SWINGS THE HEAVY, RUSTED OLD TARGET...

SEE WHAT I MEAN?

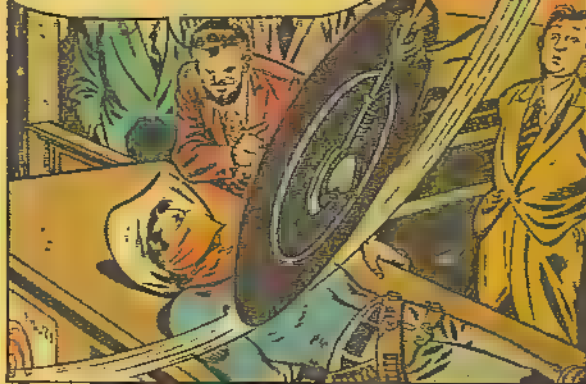
HA, HA! BULL'S-EYE, CAL!

BONG



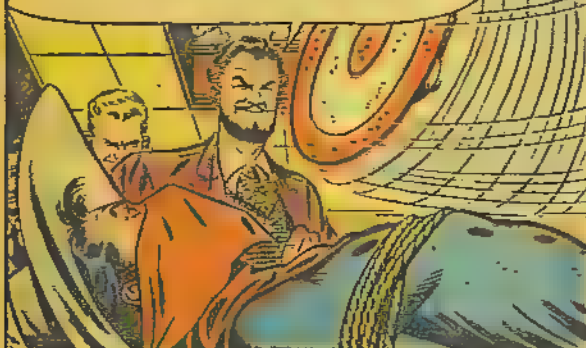
WHEN THE VIGILANTE COMES TO...

VIGILANTE, WE'RE GONNA FINISH YOU OFF IN STYLE! THE EDGE OF THIS TARGET HAS BEEN SHARPENED SO IT'S LIKE A RAZOR...



A SIMPLE BUT DEADLY DEVICE IS EXPLAINED...

IT'S SUSPENDED BY A STRIP OF DRY RAWHIDE! WE'LL LEAVE WATER DRIPPING ON IT... AND YOU CAN GUESS THE REST, CAN'T YOU? SO LONG, CHUMP! KEEP YOUR HEAD--IF YOU CAN! HA, HA...



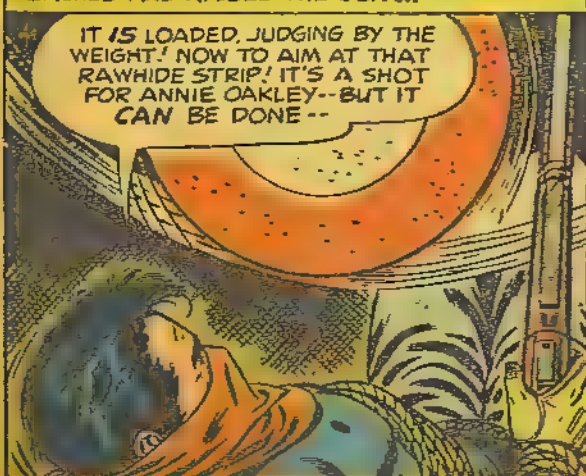
ALONE--THE VIG FACES A CRUEL TEST OF HIS NERVE...

AS RAWHIDE IS WETTED, IT STRETCHES! THAT'S WHAT THAT CROOK MEANT! BUT HOLD ON-- THIS OLD RIFLE--IF IT'S STILL LOADED-- I'VE GOT A CHANCE--



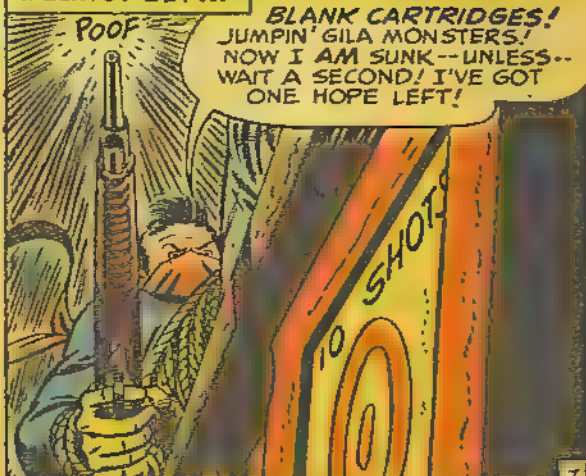
STRAINING POWERFUL WRIST MUSCLES, VIG REACHES AND RAISES THE GUN...

IT IS LOADED, JUDGING BY THE WEIGHT! NOW TO AIM AT THAT RAWHIDE STRIP! IT'S A SHOT FOR ANNIE OAKLEY--BUT IT CAN BE DONE--



A STEADY HAND AND AN UNERRING EYE COMBINE TALENTS! BUT...

POOF
BLANK CARTRIDGES! JUMPIN' GILA MONSTERS! NOW I AM SUNK--UNLESS-- WAIT A SECOND! I'VE GOT ONE HOPE LEFT!



FROM VIG'S POCKET, HIS FREE FINGERS EXTRACT
A TINY GLEAMING OBJECT...

THIS GOLD NUGGET JUST FITS
INTO THE CARTRIDGE CASE!
NOW TO SLIP MY HOMEMADE
BULLET INTO THE GUN
CHAMBER-- BUT FAST!!



A SECOND LATER...

IT WORKED! WHEW! MY
NEXT MOVE IS TO GET
OUT OF THESE ROPES--
AND FIND THAT CROOK-
SYNDICATE!



MEANWHILE IN A BARBER SHOP IN GOTHAM CITY...

SO YOU LOST THE GUN AN'
RAN? WELL, NEVER MIND, YOU
FOOL! WE'RE LEAVIN' TOWN
SOON AS I GET THROUGH
HERE! TELL THE BOYS--

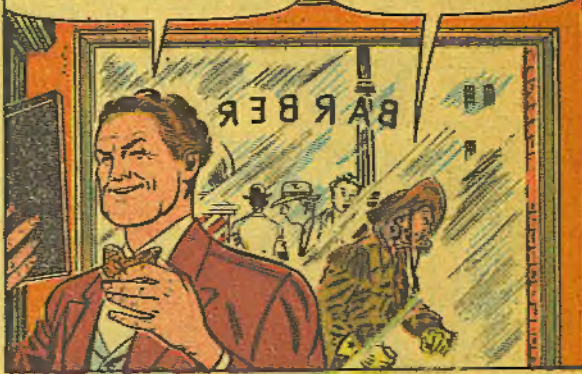
SURE,
CAL!



AS A CLEAN-SHAVEN DORKINS LOOKS HIMSELF
OVER ...

I LOOK JUST
AS I DID FIFTEEN
YEARS AGO! HA, HA! BUT
NO ONE AROUND HERE
KNEW ME THEN...

THIS IS TH'
TOUGHEST
TRACKIN' JOB I
EVER DID--RIGHT
THROUGH THE CITY--



THEN--AS THE SYNDICATE-CHIEF EXITS--CERTAIN
HE WON'T BE RECOGNIZED...

THE SNAKY
KID!!

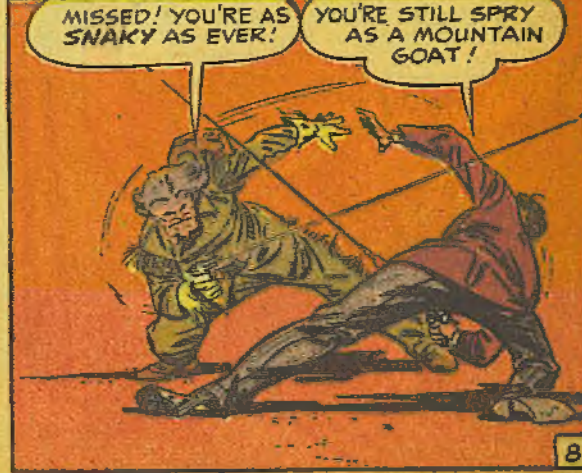
GALLOPIN'
HORSEHIDE! IT'S
SHERIFF JONES--
MY OLD ENEMY!!

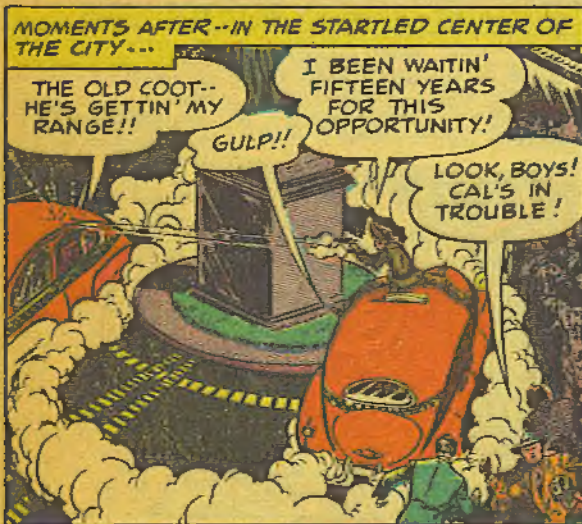


AT SIGHT OF EACH OTHER, THE ANCIENT FOES
GO INTO SIMULTANEOUS ACTION...

MISSED! YOU'RE AS
SNAKY AS EVER!

YOU'RE STILL SPRY
AS A MOUNTAIN
GOAT!





THE VIG SLIDES "HOME"...

NO REASON TO WASTE MY FISTS ON YOU TINHORN BANDITS-- WHEN MY FEET WILL DO!



AS VIG LETS GO THE ROPE, DOWN COMES THE SNAKY KID TO MEET...

-- YOUR FINISH!

JEHOSEPHAT! VIG, IT'S A PLEASURE T'WATCH YUH WORK!



LATER...DISAPPOINTED GOLD-SEEKERS GET THEIR MONEY BACK...

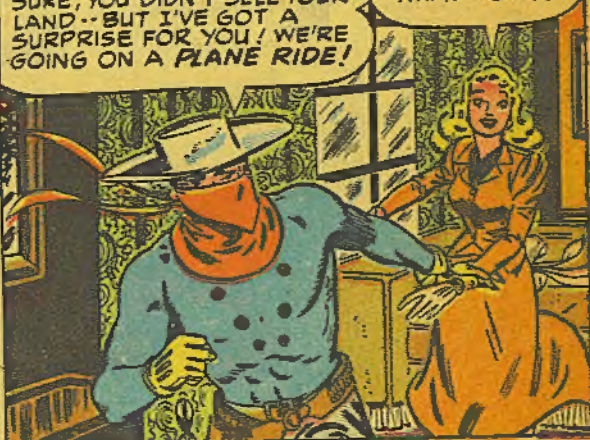
YES, FOLKS! **PLOWING UP LAND** AND "SEEDING" IT WITH GOLD DUST IS AN OLD TRICK OF "MINE-SALTERS!" BUT JONESY AND I NOTICED THE LINES LEFT BY THE PLOW! IT WAS THE **GIVE-AWAY!**



STILL LATER...AT EILEEN BENTON'S HOME...

DON'T FEEL BAD, EILEEN! SURE, YOU DIDN'T SELL YOUR LAND-- BUT I'VE GOT A SURPRISE FOR YOU! WE'RE GOING ON A PLANE RIDE!

BUT VIG-- WHAT FOR??



SOON AFTER--OVER THE OLD FAIR GROUNDS...

THE CITY IS SURVEYING YOUR PROPERTY--THEY'RE GOING TO TURN IT INTO A **GREAT AIRPORT!**

WONDERFUL, VIG! NOW I ADMIT I AM LUCKY--THANKS TO YOU!



AND AT HOME SOME NIGHTS LATER, GREG SANDERS READS A LETTER...

Dear Vig:-- I'm a real Sheriff again! my home town heard how you and me rounded up the Snaky Kid--a they give me back my star-- I sure feels good-- thanks

ADIOS AND HAPPY CROOK-HUNTING, SHERIFF-JONES!

THE END



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